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Why Men Fear Women.
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The Jealous Woman.
The Wardrobe Rights of Man.
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When you have filled up your Football Coupons, start reading the new serial on page 629.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 1080. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING MARCH 30, 1911. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

EVER SMOKED IRISH CIGARS ?

THE boom in Irish tobacco is steadily growing. So great is its popularity, indeed, that it is no longer smoked only in the country of its origin, but is exported to places as far away and apart as China and Chili.

Fastidious New Yorkers, too, are having it sold to them under a fancy name, because it has been found that they purchase it more readily than they do any other kind. While in many London clubs, and in the smoking room of the House of Commons, "Turc-Irish" cigarettes, produced from the real Turkish tobacco plant grown on Irish soil, are extensively consumed.

So recently as five years ago there was no Irish tobacco worthy of being smoked in a pipe even. What little was grown was used in other ways, such as for killing insects on plants, and for mixing into the cheaper kinds of snuff.

But a few enthusiasts saw the possibilities that lay hidden in the new industry. The Irish Tobacco Growers' Association was formed. And the result is seen in the fact that on last year's crop there was paid in duty alone no less a sum than £27,000.

Experiment has shown that in no other country in the world can such bountiful harvests be secured. Ireland at the present moment holds the world's record for heavy cropping, with a yield of 2,240 lb. per acre.

It pays well, too. Successful growers have made a clear profit of £14 per acre, after payment of rent, duty, and all other charges and expenses.

"CONGRATULATE me, the great Miss Flirt has accepted me!"

"Indeed! I hope you are not superstitious."

"Why?"

"Because you are the thirteenth she has accepted this year!"

ASKING TO BE EXECUTED.

As was the case with the man who confessed himself guilty of the Café Royal murder the other day, most self-accused murderers are found upon investigation to be innocent of the crimes they impute to themselves. Occasionally, however, it is the other way about.

One remarkable case in point occurred about a year or so back. A girl was found murdered in a room in a notorious street in Spitalfields. There was absolutely no clue to the identity of her murderer. The affair was, in fact, regarded as hopeless from the police point of view.

Months afterwards, however, a tramping sailor confessed to the crime. He had, he said, cut her throat in a frenzy of passion because she tried to rob him, and he had left one of the coins she had picked from his pocket clenched in her dead hand.

Now such a coin was found by the police as described, but nothing had been said about it at the inquest. It followed, therefore, that the man was almost certainly speaking the truth; and, as a matter of fact, he was, at his trial later, convicted on his own confession, and sentenced to death.

Another remarkable case was that of William Sheward, a Norwich tailor, who murdered his wife. No suspicion rested upon him. He married again, and reared a family.

Nearly twenty years passed by. Then, one day, impelled by a sudden impulse, he published his ghastly secret to the world, was arrested, tried, and executed.

CAUTIOUS SANDY.

IT is very difficult to get a Scot to commit himself. A tourist once approached the keeper of a large estate.

"Is Mr. MacPherson likely to be fishing to-morrow?"

"I hae ma doots," replied the Scot.

"How is that? Is he away from home?"

"I dinna ken whaur he is."

"Not ill, is he?"

"I hae not heard."

"Then what makes you think he won't be fishing?"

"I didna say he wouldna be fishing. I said I hae ma doots. He's been dead nigh on a year."

"I WANT a hat in the very latest style."

"Certainly, madam. Just take a seat a moment. The fashion is just about to change."

GEORGE: "What can be the matter. The telegram says 'Come home at once.' I must fly."

George (two hours later): "What is the matter, dearest?"

Young Wife: "The baby said 'Dad-da'!"

FROM A CONTRIBUTOR.

Editor, Editor, up in your den,
Far from the haunts of all civilised men,
What you are like is a question which I
Oft to imagine most steadfastly try.

Sometimes I conjure up thoughts of a smart,
Handsome Adonis with generous heart,
High, doming forehead and eyes quite divine
[This when you've just retained something of mine.]

Sometimes I picture you prince of the bears,
Kicking poor poets down steep flights of stairs,
Liverish, beetle-browed, hated, and spurned
[This when my manuscript's just been returned!]

Now here's the point of this capital lay!—
Modest? Oh, rather, 'twas always my way!—
Ne'er in the future I hope that you will
Give me occasion to think of you ill!

"How did the girls' anti-smoking crusade turn out?"

"It collapsed. The young men of the town organised an anti-chocolate crusade."

CRITIC: "I've written up a detailed criticism of the new play that's on to-night saying that it's no good. I'll be back about midnight to see proofs."

Editor: "Where are you off to now?"

Critic: "To see the play."

WILLIAM WAS SACKED.

WILLIAM BROWN was head clerk to a firm of solicitors. William was also a newly-married man, and these two things did not blend.

William returned from his honeymoon in a very dreamy state of mind. For hours he would sit staring at the legal documents it was his duty to prepare. William was certainly deeply in love.

"Well, Brown," said the boss one morning, "have you filed the petition in the case of Slasher *v.* Smashem?"

William awoke from his dreams and gazed at his chief with a faraway look in his eyes.

"Yes, ducky!" he said.

SOME THINGS YOU MUSTN'T MISS.

IN the first place you should turn at once to page 629 and read the opening instalment of Burford Delannoy's vigorous story,

"THE BLACKMAILER."

This is the first of a series of short serial stories. It will be completed in three instalments, the second story of the series beginning in the Easter number of *P.W.*

Next, we have a unique narrative in

"35 YEARS' SOLITARY CONFINEMENT"

(page 627). This is the true story of the life of Jesse Pomeroy who, for revolting crimes, has been condemned to this terrible punishment. He entered his tomb of silence in 1875, and since that time has not been allowed even the sight of his fellow convicts. His attempts to escape are, for ingenuity, without parallel in the crime annals of any country in the world.

Then this week you have your last chance of coming up to London to see the

FOOTBALL CUP FINAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE FREE OF ALL COST.

On page 634 you will see a list of attractions which will be placed before our guests, and you should certainly have a try for a couple of the remaining twelve tickets.

ANOTHER £250 FOOTBALL PRIZE

is offered this week, and on page 628 you will see the names and addresses of the fortunate winners of the previous £250 prize.

Readers of our great serial,

"DRIVEN FROM HOME,"

will find another splendid instalment this week. So widespread is the interest in this story, that readers from all parts of the Empire say they feel themselves to be personally acquainted with the characters and take as keen an interest in their doings as in those of their own immediate friends and relations.

The second of

MARTIN'S DOT PUZZLES

appears on page 644. Try to join up the dots to form a wedding carriage, and win Martin's £25 marriage dot or dowry. Two more prizes of £25 each are to be given to *P.W.* readers.

SOME THINGS IN STORE FOR YOU.

FREE SEATS FOR THE CORONATION PROCESSION

We hope soon to be able to give you full details of this scheme whereby readers from all parts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales will be brought up to London and conveyed to excellent seats to view the Royal progress through London during Coronation week.

SPECIAL OFFER TO SCOTTISH READERS.

A series of simple competitions is being prepared in which the prizes will be season tickets for the great Glasgow Exhibition from May to October.

"I THINK Miss Plainer's photos must be exactly like her."

"Why?"

"She won't show them to anybody."

OLD LADY: "I feel a presentiment that something is going to happen on this journey. Do you think there is any danger?"

Statistic Fiend: "Every passenger on this railway takes one chance in 1,903,421 of being killed."

Old Lady: "Goodness! If they'd told me that when I bought my ticket, I wouldn't have come by this line!"

FREE SEATS FOR CORONATION PROCESSION

AND FREE TRIPS TO LONDON (more particulars later).

In the Limelight

MEANT WELL.

LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN, the proud possessor of a farthing as the result of his recent action against Mr. John Lewis, is a very keen yachtsman, and he has quite a fleet of motor boats.

Once, clad in rather greasy overalls, he was walking along the jetty at Ryde when an old lady, apparently mistaking him for a pier porter, asked him to carry her portmanteau to the ferry.

Lord Howard promptly gripped the handle of the bag and hoisted it on to his shoulder, and when they reached the gangway the old lady presented him—one of the wealthiest men in England—with the sum of twopence sterling.

The joke—a rather one-sided one—lies in the fact that even the twopence was undeserved, for immediately after the boat had left, Lord Howard discovered that he had put the poor old dame on the wrong vessel!

A NEW INTEREST.

MRS. BLAND-SUTTON, the hon. sec. of the Children's Happy Evenings Association, is telling a story of a little girl. She was asked where she would like to go for a treat.

"To Madame Tussaud's," was the reply.

"But you went there last year!" somebody objected.

"Oh, yes, I know," she explained, "but father wasn't in the Chamber of Horrors then."

A GRAVE DANGER.

THE bitter complaint from certain districts about the slowness and unpunctuality of their train service recall a story of Artemus Ward, the famous American humorist. He was travelling on a line where the trains were notoriously slow, and when one of the attendants came along the train, Artemus stopped him.

"Does this railroad company allow passengers to give advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?" he asked.

The attendant gruffly replied that he guessed so.

"Well," Artemus went on, "it has just occurred to me that it would be well to take the cow-catcher from the front of the engine and fasten it to the rear of the train."

"Whatever for?" gasped the attendant.

"Don't you see," the other explained patiently, "this train is not likely to overtake a cow, but what's to prevent a cow strolling after the train and biting a passenger?"

FATALISM.

TALKING of America, the American Senate has just passed a resolution conferring the rank of Rear-Admiral on Commander Peary on his retirement from the United States Navy.

In a speech on "Fatalism," the new Rear-Admiral told a story of an old fellow (Abe by name) who was firm in his belief that there was a certain time fixed for him to die, and that nothing could happen to make him die before that time or live after it.

Abe lived in a remote settlement where there was always a possibility of trouble with the Indians, and although he was such a convinced fatalist he always refused to venture forth without his rifle, evidently determined to be on the safe side.

"Why do you bother to carry that old gun?" a neighbour once asked. "You say you can't die before your time and you can't live after it. If that's so, it seems to me you're in no great danger from the Indians."

"Ah, yes, that's right enough," retorted the old man; "but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and *his* time had come. It wouldn't do for me to be without my gun then, would it?"

THE MAN WHO WAITED.

THIS story of the late Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") has just drifted across the Atlantic.

"I was coming over in the steamer to America," the famous clergyman-author explained, "when one day I went into the library to do some literary work. I was very busy, and I suppose I looked busy. I had no sooner started to write than a diffident-looking young man plumped into the chair opposite me, began twirling his cap, and stared at me.

"I let him sit there.

"An hour or more passed, and he was still there, returning my occasional and discouraging glances at him with a foolish, ingratiating smile.

"I was inclined to be annoyed. I had a suspicion that he was a reader of my books, perhaps an admirer or an autograph hunter. He could wait.

"At last he rose, and still twirling his cap, he spoke:

"'Excuse me, Dr. Watson; I'm getting deathly sick in here, and I'm really sorry to disturb you when you're so busy, but I thought you'd like to know that just as soon as you left her, Mrs. Watson fell down the stairs, and I guess she hurt herself pretty badly!'"

S.P.C.A. FORWARD!

THE latest story from the clubs.

The serving-maid burst into her mistress's room, wild-eyed and pale and "all of a tremble."

"Oh, please'm, there's a stone rollin' about the garden. It's give me sich a scare!"

The mistress went to look.

"Nonsense, Mary; that's the tortoise. It's been lying asleep all the winter."

"Oh, it can't be, mum. It's the stone I've been using to break the coals with!"

AM OR HAM.

THE name of "Stinie" Morrison's counsel, Mr. Abinger, in the Clapham murder case, recalls a story of another famous lawyer, Lord Abinger.

He was once cross-examining a very portly, very self-satisfied, and very well-dressed witness.

"You are a stockbroker?" he asked.

"I ham!" replied the witness emphatically.

Abinger beamed upon him. "And a very well dressed ham, too!" he remarked.

BITING.

THE new Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, Admiral Sir Arthur Moore, occasionally permits himself what may be called "the soft answer that stimulates wrath."

On one occasion, during gun practice at a floating target, one of the guns made rather a bad miss. The officer in charge was summoned to the Admiral's speaking tube.

Down floated the gentle inquiry in Sir Arthur's most suave tones: "My dear sir, do you think the Lords of the Admiralty supply you with live shell for the sole purpose of shooting mackerel?"

The officer had his revenge, however, for the next shot from the gun he was in charge of knocked the target to pieces and stopped practice for the rest of the day!

WHICH BILL?

OLD Bill Adams ran a small draper's shop in a provincial town, and though his wife occasionally presided behind the counter, she had no real knowledge of business methods.

One day Bill went up to London, after an anxious and tearful parting.

"Be sure and take care of yourself," his wife urged, and Bill said he would.

He ordered a lot of new goods for the shop from a wholesale firm with whom he dealt, and urged upon them the necessity of sending the things off at once. They promised, and the consequence was that, Bill having taken a few days' holidays while in town, the goods arrived home before him.

The carter drove up to the door of the little draper's shop, and Mrs. Adams came to the door to receive the goods. Suddenly she burst into tears.

"What's the matter, mum?" demanded the astonished carter.

"Look, oh, look!" she wailed, and pointed to the box he was bringing in.

On it, in large black letters, was stencilled: "Bill inside."

TO SCOTTISH READERS ONLY.

A big exhibition will be held in Glasgow from May to October this year, and everybody living in and around that City, who can possibly do so, will pay it a visit. Some of you, moreover, will like to pay it several visits; and, to enable you to do this, I have acquired a couple of dozen season tickets which I propose to distribute in pairs to winners in a series of simple competitions. Further particulars will appear later.

Apt and Artful

The Editor will give 2s. 6d. each week for the best paragraph accepted for this column. Copies of the famous P.W. penknives will be awarded for every paragraph used. If there is more than one good paragraph used the penknife will be awarded to the reader whose contribution was received first.

The half-crown this week goes to Mr. T. H. [illegible], Chapel Lane, Blackley, Manchester.

PUNCTUATE THIS.

I KNOW what what I know I know I know you know I know you know but do you know I know you know. *Solution below.*

A CASH CATCH.

I HAVE five coins, all the same size, and I can change them into seven coins of the same size, still maintaining the original value. What are the coins in question? *Solution below.*

FOR MATHEMATICIANS ONLY.

A MAN had in his garden nineteen fruit trees, consisting of apple, pear, and cherry trees.

Eleven were apple and pear trees, and ten were pear and cherry trees. How many had he of each? *Solution below.*

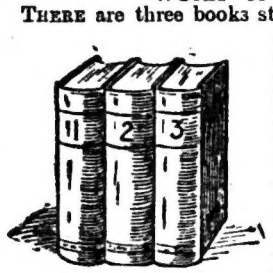
HINTS FOR ALL.—No. 4.

THE letter S on a wall shows,

The entrance to Spacious Sewers where Sleepy Sewerman Sometimes Spend Saturdays [illegible] the Scented Slime for Slothful Slugs, and [illegible] Subtle Snares for Sleepy Snails.

WORK IT OUT.

THERE are three books standing side by side on a book-case. A maggot eats its way from page one of the first book to the last page of the third book. The leaves of each book are one inch in thickness, and the covers are quarter of an inch thick. What thickness does the maggot eat through?



Solution below.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

HAS it ever struck you what a funny life this one is. Take the case of a man—

When he is young, the big girls kiss him.
When he is old, the small girls kiss him.
If he is poor he is a bad manager.
If he is rich he is dishonest.
If he is a politician he is one for personal gain.
If he is not a politician he is no good to his country.
If he doesn't give to charity he is mean.
If he does give to charity he does it for show.
If he is religious he is a hypocrite.
If he is affectionate he is soft.
If he cares for no one he is hard-hearted.
If he saves money he is a miser.
If he spends it he is a spendthrift.

But of course if he reads *Pearson's Weekly* he is a wise man.

Solutions.

PUNCTUATE THIS.

I KNOW what; what I know, I know. I know you know I know you know; but do you know I know you know?

A CASH CATCH.

SIXPENCE and 4 farthings changed into 7 pennies.

FOR MATHEMATICIANS ONLY.

NINE apple, eight cherry, and two pear trees.

WORK IT OUT!

THE maggot eats through two inches. When the books are placed on the shelf their numbers read backwards as

will be seen from the accompanying illustration. The maggot therefore eats through: One set of leaves, one inch, and four covers, one inch. Total, two inches.

THE SADDEST HUMAN DOCUMENT EVER PUBLISHED.

35 Years' Solitary Confinement

This is the story of the modern Man in the Iron Mask, the story of a man who has endured and still is enduring a sentence more terrible than any other living man has ever undergone.

Before most of us were born, Jesse Pomeroy entered his living tomb.

For thirty-five years he has seen only the faces of his warders, even the sight of his fellow-prisoners has been denied him. To-day, a white-haired old man, his daily round is much the same as it was right away back in 1875 when he began his sentence of solitary confinement for life. All his ingenious attempts to escape have proved futile—the hand of the Law has always at the last moment been placed on his shoulder and dragged him back. Now a movement is on foot for liberating him. Meanwhile, Mr. Paul West, a son of one of the lawyers engaged in the world-famous case, has written the true and full story, and we have acquired the sole right of giving the people of this country an opportunity of reading it.

The Terrible Sentence!

THE trial of Jesse Pomeroy for the murder of Horace Mellen and Katie Curran is perhaps the most celebrated affair of its kind that America has ever known. Indeed, in many respects the whole case was and is without a parallel.

The most prominent lawyers thronged the court during the weeks of the trial. Alienists of the foremost repute testified on both sides, for even as far back as that the plea of insanity had been employed as an excuse for crime.

In the case of Horace Mellen, he had started out with the full intention of torturing or killing some little boy—the identity of the victim was of no importance to him. Meeting Horace, he had enticed him to the marsh and engaged him in a game. In the midst of this, seeing his opportunity, he had struck the little fellow a blow to knock him unconscious, and had then proceeded to torture him, with the result that death had followed.

Jesse recalled passing the little deaf mute boy who betrayed him, but believed that the little fellow had suspected nothing and seen nothing. Otherwise, he told a friend, he would have returned and killed the deaf mute also.

His lawyers endeavoured to prove that this mania argued a diseased mind, and that the boy was not responsible for his actions, and should, therefore, be sent to an asylum. But although several doctors testified that in their opinion the boy was undoubtedly insane, others equally prominent disagreed with them.

WAITING FOR THE SENTENCE.

He was superlatively cruel, fiendishly brutal, it was true, but he knew what he was doing. He counted the cost and went to the extreme in covering his tracks. He was able to reason clearly. At his tender age he sat with his counsel and dictated various points for the lawyers to pursue in the trial of his case. He was keenly alive to the situation, and watched every witness with a thorough understanding of what the testimony meant to him.

At last, after many weeks, the case was given to the jury, who quickly returned a verdict of guilty.

And now arose another peculiar feature of the case, which had been counted on as sure to arouse public opinion and discussion to a fever point. What would the judge's sentence be? It would be an unheard-of thing to hang a boy of fifteen!

The people, so lenient when the boy had first been detected in the exercise of his cruel instincts, now shrieked for double vengeance.

The judge did not hesitate. He sentenced Jesse Pomeroy to be hanged by the neck until he was dead.

However, the element which invariably arises in such situations now came to the front. Jesse Pomeroy must not hang. It would be a disgrace to hang a youth of such tender years. Punish him—yes. Send him to prison, but spare his life.

Funds were supplied, able Counsel was engaged, and Pomeroy's case was taken to the Supreme Court. But the higher tribunal refused to reverse the judgment of the original jury which had heard the case, or to order a new trial, despite the claim of Pomeroy's lawyers that the sentence of death and the conviction of crime were both at variance with the evidence.

Then the highly merciful friends of the boy murderer appealed to the Governor of Massachusetts. They asked him to commute Pomeroy's sentence, since the Supreme Court would not interfere, to imprisonment for life.

Now arose the fathers and mothers of the children whom Pomeroy had tortured, and when their voices were heard the chorus of protest was swelled by the voices of thousands and thousands of other parents, who dreaded lest this young fiend, once his life were spared, would in some way escape and continue his atrocities.

They circulated a petition, to which thousands of names were soon appended, and placed it in the hands of a young lawyer to present to the Governor.

He went, one day, with the petition, escorted by many of the fathers and mothers who had signed it, to lodge a heartfelt protest against executive clemency in Pomeroy's case. And he took with him, as a further appeal, the children who had suffered the tortures of Pomeroy's weapons.

It was a pitiful scene, this little body of children, some unable to walk, some hobbling on crutches, some looking into the Governor's face through eyes which had been almost blinded.

The Governor consulted with his council, and this was the new form of sentence they devised for Jesse Pomeroy:

"We do, by and with the advice of our council, grant to him, the said Jesse Harding Pomeroy, a commutation of the punishment which he is liable to endure by the aforesaid sentence, to that of solitary confinement at hard labour in the State Prison during his natural life."

"*Solitary Confinement!*"

A Modern "Man in the Iron Mask."

THE gates of the prison opened for Jesse Pomeroy when he was sixteen years and eight months. The gates closed, the locks were turned, and he has never since then come out.

Under the terms of his conviction, Pomeroy, of course, was not to have the privileges extended to other convicts. There was to be none of the fraternising afforded the other men when they met in the shops or at exercise in the prison yard. Pomeroy's sentence was to be "solitary confinement."

He was placed in a cell in what was called "Murderers' Row."

Pomeroy accepted the conditions without complaining. In fact, he began, from the first, by his quiet way of doing just as he was told and obeying all orders, to make the keepers wonder whether perhaps they were not mistaken in him.

Pomeroy was a lad of little education when he went into Charlestown. His reading had been confined to the perusal of cheap novels, and his days in school had been few. But from the first he displayed a desire to better his mental condition, and started to read a great deal. His first withdrawals from the prison library were trashy books, which he devoured with avidity. Then he called for the newspapers.

NOT ALLOWED NEWSPAPERS.

"No newspapers for you for the rest of your life," was the reply. Pomeroy accepted the conditions with a smile.

"I want writing materials," he said, and they were given to him. They watched him at work in his cell, writing, writing, all the time. No letters came out to be read by the Governor and posted in prison envelopes. They wondered what he was doing, and at last they learned. He was writing his autobiography.

"What for?" he was asked.

"To set myself straight with the world," said he. "The public thinks I am a fiend, I suppose. I'm not. I'm a very much misunderstood person. They think I tortured children. I did not do so. I am going to tell the world about it."

So for months and months he wrote. He did not ask to be allowed to go out and mingle with the other prisoners. The keepers had been waiting for some such demand, and were ready to refuse. The prisoners themselves settled that question.

One day, as Pomeroy was being returned to his cell from his short half-hour's exercise in the yard after all the other convicts had been locked up for the night, he passed another prisoner in the corridor leading to his quarters. Pomeroy walked along with his head down, noticing nobody. The other convict, a long-term man, who had been out of his cell on some "trusty" matter for the warder, saw him.

"Who's that?" he asked a guard.

"Jesse Pomeroy," replied the guard not thinking. They had been told never to tell anyone where Pomeroy was kept, or to speak of him to the other convicts. This one forgot.

Quick as a wink the other convict, a well-behaved prisoner, as a rule, leaped for Pomeroy and caught him under the chin with a terrific blow that nearly felled him. As Jesse reeled back the convict shrieked:

"You cowardly wretch! You ought to be killed!"

They got the shivering boy to his cell, and the other prisoner was punished for his assault. But after that Jesse Pomeroy never expressed a desire to be allowed to mingle with the other prisoners. Doubtless he realised that he would not be welcome.

For months Pomeroy wrote and wrote ceaselessly on his autobiography, and at length it was finished. I do not know how it got out of prison, but it did get out, and was printed, a few copies being struck off somewhere and given to interested persons.

"I SHALL KILL THEM."

It was a peculiar document, in which the author set forth illiterately the argument that he had been led to the commission of his crimes by bad examples; that he did not believe that he was really wicked, and that the judge and prosecuting Counsel had been entirely too harsh with him.

But later on he lapsed into his real self, apparently, and in a wild burst of rage against those who had put him behind the bars for what he submitted was nothing more than a boyish indiscretion, he declared:

"But I shall not always be here in prison. Some day I shall get out, and when I do I shall have vengeance on those who put me here. I shall kill them."

Almost coincident with Jesse Pomeroy's imprisonment was the reappearance of his mother in the public eye. During his trial little had been seen of her, and since then she had fairly faded from view. But now she seemed seized with a frantic desire to see her son as much as possible, and although she was allowed to visit him only once a month, and then to talk to him only through the bars of his cell and in the presence of a warder, these infrequent and brief conversations seemed to cheer both of them a great deal.

The prison authorities, it would seem, were disposed to be very lenient in Jesse's case. For a prisoner, even a lifer, to be allowed special furniture in his cell was practically unheard of, yet when Jesse complained to his mother that he had no comfortable chair, and she expressed a desire to send him one, it was permitted.

The chair came. It was a small, wooden affair with arms. A keeper took it when it came to the prison, and it was thoroughly examined, not that anyone suspected that Mrs. Pomeroy would try to send anything in to her son to which he was not entitled, but because it was the rule.

TOOLS INSIDE THE CHAIR.

There was no cushion in the chair, and no place in which files or saws could be hidden. Yet somehow the officials were not sure. No chair was ever given a more complete sounding and feeling than this. Finally it passed inspection, and a warder carried it to Jesse's cell.

It was a warm afternoon, and something detained the keeper in the corridor for a moment. He held the chair up by the arms, and all at once he felt one of his hands growing a trifle sticky. He felt on the under side of the arm. It certainly was sticky. He became suspicious and carried the chair back to the Governor's office.

They turned it over and examined it again. Under one arm they found that the wood had been carefully hollowed out, and in a small hole had been placed a file, a saw, and an awl. The hole had then been filled with soap, the outer shell of wood carefully replaced, and a coat of varnish put over all so that the deception could not be discovered by the most thorough search. Only for the fact that the keeper's hand had warmed the varnish and melted it slightly the implements so necessary to a convict would not have been discovered.

The Governor said nothing. He took the tools out, put the soap back, and had the arm of the chair fixed up so that it would not be apparent that it had been tampered with. Then it was sent to Jesse.

They waited and watched to see whether he would

express any disappointment in not finding the tools in the chair. He gave no sign. In fact, it has never been known whether he was aware that the hiding place had been fixed in the chair's arm. Of course, he must have learned of it, for his mother must have told him, if not in advance, at least since then. But he has never spoken about it, nor has he ever been questioned on the subject.

Pomeroy's Vain Efforts to Escape.

AFTER the first year of his confinement Jesse seemed to settle down to conditions, and resign himself to his fate. He made no complaints against the system which kept him to himself. He received visits from his mother, and was apparently thankful to the warders for the little kindnesses they permitted her to extend to him. He wormed his way into the respect of those around him.

One day he called the Governor of the prison to his cell on a special errand.

"Captain Earle," said Jesse, "my mind seems to be running in an inventive channel. I have thought out a lead pencil that will, I think, be a great improvement on any patent pencil ever made. I have drawn some rough plans of it."

Captain David M. Earle, the Governor of the prison, was a kind man. He had been worrying deeply over the fact that he could not find any way of helping Pomeroy to pass his time. He had been warned by certain people that if he could not find employment for his prisoner Pomeroy would go insane. Now Pomeroy had solved the question himself.

"Good!" said Governor Earle, "I'm glad you've found a way to interest yourself. Let's see your sketches."

Pomeroy showed them to him, and explained how the pencil would work.

"It contains a self-sharpening device," he said, "the lead being ground to a point as a swivel is turned. I wish I could make one, to show you just how it works."

CHEWED BREADCRUMBS AS A MORTAR.

The Governor fell into the trap. He asked Pomeroy what tools would be required for making a sample pencil, and when told he secured them for him.

Pomeroy made the pencil, but it took him a long while to make it. He was very careful about every detail. And for an excellent reason was the work slow.

While he was being watched Pomeroy worked hard, bending the metal that had been furnished him for the pencil casing, smoothing it off, tapping, tapping, tapping with the little hammer that the Governor had given him.

But in the dead of night, when the never-ceasing vigil of the guards was the least trifle relaxed, he would rise from his couch stealthily, and with one of the sharp tools scrape, bit by bit, the mortar from around one of the stones in the wall of his cell.

He only dared to do a very little of the work each night because he must hide the evidences of his actions, and this he did with breadcrumbs, which he chewed into a pulp and inserted into the crevices where the mortar had been. He could get only a little of the breadcrumb paste each day, saved from his rations, and he must never scrape away mortar from a larger space than the day's supply of bread would cover.

As the days went on he got the mortar scraped away from several of the stones, so that they were free to lift out if he had had the strength to remove them. But this he did not have. A chain of some sort would enable him to get a grip on them so he could lift them out to work on the inner course of stones which still stood between him and the prison yard.

So he set about making the chain, using broken nails from sources that nobody could detect.

He attached this chain to one of the large stones, and one night dragged it out of its place in the wall. Through the opening he crawled, and worked on the inner stones, scraping the mortar away from between them. When morning came he would lift the stone back into place, hide the crevices with the bread paste and wait for the next night.

One night he must have made some sound at his work, for a guard thought that he heard a scraping somewhere, and investigated. He caught Pomeroy just replacing the stone.

(In next week's instalment is told the story of the most ingenious and daring attempt to escape from prison ever conceived.)

£250 PAID THIS WEEK IN CONTEST No. 23.

This week the prize of £250 is divided by the following competitors who had each only one incorrect result:

S. Rathbone, 1 Bk. 5 Mott Street, Birmingham.
E. Tait, 40 Britannia Street, King's Cross.
Miss E. Kirby, 6 Hawke Street, Barrow-in-Furness.
Miss M. Sterry, 27 Newton Street, Gateshead.
E. Lowe, 1 Hound Road, West Bridgford, Notts.

ANOTHER £250 OFFERED

MANY tens of thousands of our readers take a keen interest in Association Football, and we have therefore devised this Competition with the purpose of enabling them to put their knowledge to good account. The prize offered is £250, and the task set enables competitors to display their skill in following up football, and also fosters their interest in the game.

You may submit one coupon only, but different members of one family may inclose their entry forms for the same competition in the same envelope. No other communication must be inclosed.

As a help and guide to the exercise of your judgment, we recommend THE LONDON MORNING LEADER Penny Football Annual, in which will be found complete information regarding teams, records of individual players, and last season's matches.

CONDITIONS FOR COMPETITORS.

1. The names of the teams which you believe will lose must be crossed out, and each entry form must be signed by the competitor with his own name and address in ink. Where you forecast a *draw* don't cross out either.
2. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "FOOTBALL NO 26," in the top left-hand corner, and affix a penny stamp. All attempts must arrive not later than first post Friday, March 31st.
3. Only one coupon can be accepted from each reader.
4. The sum of £250 will be awarded to the competitor from whom we receive an entry form bearing what proves to be the correct result of all the matches played. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided.
5. Should no competitor give the correct result of all the matches played, £25 will be awarded to the competitor from whom we receive the entry form containing the greatest number of correct results. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided, and in the event of two or more matches not being played, the £250 will not be awarded.
6. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt.
7. The Editor does not assume any responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given.
8. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
9. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.
10. No coupon bearing an address in Scotland will be eligible for this competition.

Pearson's Football Contest No. 26

Matches to be played on Saturday, April 1st.
Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

England (0)	v Scotland (2)
Bristol City (2)	v Bradford City (0)
Middlesbrough (3)	v Aston Villa (2)
Preston North End (1)	v Sheffield United (1)
Sheffield Wed. (2)	v Blackburn Rovers (1)
Tottenham Hotspur (5)	v Sunderland (1)
Birmingham (1)	v Blackpool (2)
Fulham (0)	v Wolverhampton W. (0)
Gainsboro' Trinity (2)	v Derby County (4)
• Huddersfield Town	v Glossop
• Hull City	v Chelsea
New Brompton (1)	v Leyton (3)
Millwall (1)	v Brentford (1)
Queen's P. Rangers (1)	v Crystal Palace (2)
Luton (1)	v Swindon (1)
Portsmouth (4)	v Exeter (1)
Northampton (1)	v Brighton and Hove (1)

The above matches take place on the ground of the first named.

The figures denote the results of the corresponding matches of last season. The star (*) indicates that no match took place last season.

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the printed conditions.

Signature ....

Address ....

....

CUT OUT COUPON AND POST TO US UNFOLDED.

TRY HEADERS NOW

You May Win A Big Cash Prize.

WE have pleasure in announcing another of the new Headers contests which are being conducted on the simplest lines, so that everyone may take part in them.

To make a Header, you take any word you like of at least five letters from this issue of *P.W.*, and make a sentence or phrase of three words, the initials of which must be the first three letters of the word you have chosen.

For example, suppose you select **DRE**adnought, a Header on this word might read: **Deters Every Raider.**

This week we guarantee that the prize money shall not be less than £50.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form, or they will be disqualified.

2. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out, attach to it a *postal order for sixpence*, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communications must be inclosed.

3. Mark your envelope "Header No. 3" in the top left-hand corner.

4. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, March 30th.

5. Everyone who enters must send a postal order for 6d. with the entry form. The P.O. must be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and must be crossed "& Co." in the manner shown in this example. The number must be written in the space provided on the entry form. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt, the number of this P.O. must be written on each entry form.

6. Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.), three-fourths will be divided amongst the senders of the ten Headers which are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a Header thus selected by the adjudicators, a tenth part of this three-fourths will be divided amongst all such senders.

7. The remaining one-fourth will be awarded in gifts by the adjudicators amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

£50 In Prizes Guaranteed.

8. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

9. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.

10. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

ENTRY FORM. HEADER No. 3.

No. of Postal Order ....

Page .... *Col.* .... *Line* ....

Word ....

Header ....

....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the printed conditions.

Signed ....

Address ....

....

RESULT OF TRIPLETS No. 38.

IN Triplets No. 38 the amount available for distribution was £52. For each of the following a prize of £3 18s. has been awarded.

Mother's Spring Cleaning: *Corridor Seems Mediterranean.*
MISS E. JOHNS, 5A King's Parade, London Road, Isleworth.

Mother's Spring Cleaning: "*Scout*" *Must Co-operate.*
MISS LITTLE, 36 London Road, Horsham.

Mother's Spring Cleaning: "*Maze*" *Certainly Simpler.*
T. A. ALEXANDER, 413 York Road, Wandsworth.

Mother's Spring Cleaning: "*Mantelpiece Suppers*" *Commence.*
MRS. BEASLEY, 96 Gloucester Street, South Belgravia.

Mother's Spring Cleaning: *Children Systematically "Mar"-ing.*
F. BARDSLEY, 244 Graham Road, Hackney.

German Band Arrives: "*Going*" *Applauded Best.*
MISS LAKE, 1 St. Mary's Buildings, Tenby.

German Band Arrives: *Guards Adjoining Bridge...*
F. ADOLPH, 445 Bethnal Green Road.

Bridegroom Loses Ring: *Legendary Raven...*
JOSEPH CLEVELEY, 348 Coldharbour Lane, S...

Bridegroom Loses Ring: *Laborious Rehearsal...*
JOHN BRADLAW, 4 Cambridge Parade, New...

Bridegroom Loses Ring: *Resigned—Bro...*
N. BLIGH, 220 Kilburn Lane, W.

13 GIFTS OF £1 EACH.

Addington, Mrs., 89 High St., Harlesden.
Allen, J., 6 Albert Hill, Bishop Auckland.
Cowan, J., 35 Pembridge Rd., Notting Hill.
Evans, R., 7 Boston Rd., Hanwell.
Grant, G. M., 11 Clytha Square, Newport, M...
Grundy, A., 41 Kew Rd., Richmond.
Henderson, R., 34 London Rd., Kingston.
Lockerman, S., 311 Camberwell Rd.
Mullins, G., 668 Harrow Rd.
Popplestone, Mrs A. M., St. Deny's P.O., S...
Rawlings, Miss, 33 Addison Court Gdns., ...
Rogers, Mrs. A., Red Cottage, Broomsfields, ...
Tilly, S., 7 Hoxton St., N.

Take the first twelve letters of the alphabet. Make a sentence of which the first word begins with A—

THE BLACKMAILER.

A Vigorous and Rapidly Moving Story of a Greed-Inspired Crime and its Far-Reaching and Startling Consequences. Told by Burford Delannoy.

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

GENTLEMAN JOE was a burglar. For a long time he had been watching the house of Mr. Sidney Brough: "a mansion standing in its own grounds situate at Sidcup, in the Garden of England," according to the auctioneer's description. Hence Gentleman Joe's knowledge that the owner of the place lay hovering between life and death.

He knew, too, that the sick bed was a lonely one; the dying man had no relatives round him, save a cousin who had arrived from India recently and taken up residence at the Hall.

Whilst in Sidcup arranging his little visit, Gentleman Joe's eyes had fallen on a particularly inviting French window that opened on to a lawn. Midnight, he knew, would find that side of the house in shadow.

Now, hidden behind a hedge, he had a pair of night-glasses focussed on the place. The chiming of the village church clock was a signal to him to close the glasses, and walk along a field-path until he came to the back part of the house he had been watching.

Jumping a low hedge, and crossing the lawn, he reached the French window, which had inspired him to the adventure. Opening the slide of his lantern, he ran the light of a bull's-eye up and down the framework.

One of his tools was a long, thin-bladed knife; that he pushed into the frame, and, a few minutes later, the beading was cut through, the point coming out on the inner side, close to the fastening. A sawing motion, and presently the catch was lifted and dropped out of the slot. The way was open.

Entering the room, his first action was to draw the curtains gently along their pole. Then he got out his tools. The sideboard lock was quickly forced and the silver revealed promptly thrust into a bag he carried.

As he worked a sound reached him from the other side of the door! Instinctively the top of his lantern was swiftly turned and the room plunged in darkness. In the same moment he crept behind the curtains, one hand stuffing the lantern into a pocket, and the other drawing out a life-preserver.

Someone entered the room stealthily. Then came a scratching sound such as a rubbed match makes. Peering out, Gentleman Joe saw a man lighting a candle.

But he caught his breath in surprise at sight of the cousin from India, upon whose absence from the house he had counted. In stockinged feet, too, with his boots sticking out of his pockets!

Drawing a folded paper from his pocket, the newcomer read it. As he did so, he breathed heavily, and a snarl shaped on his lips. A minute's hesitation, as if in deep thought, and he walked towards the fireplace. On each end of the mantelboard stood a tall, ornamental vase. Into one of these he dropped the paper, muttering:

"There will be plenty of time to burn it later on. The greater the distance between me and the Hall before daylight, the better."

The boots were taken from his pockets and put on. Then he walked towards the window; the grip on the life-preserver became tighter! But Gentleman Joe's fear proved groundless.

Blowing out the light, the cousin walked to the window, passed out, and disappeared in the darkness.

Gentleman Joe breathed more freely. But he had "had enough." Picking up his bag to depart, he paused, wondering what the paper contained to cause the snarl on the face of the man he had watched. Then, creeping to the mantel-piece, he thrust an arm down the vase.

The paper brought up, he placed it in his breast-pocket, and then in turn, passed out of the room. Re-crossing the lawn, he ran swiftly along the field-path, until he found himself by the high road again.

Reaching his goal—a hayrick he had noted during the day—he concealed his tools and the "swag," then walked to the labourer's cottage where he rented a room.

Sitting on the edge of his bed before retiring, he read the paper fished out of the vase. It was headed in large letters: "The Last Will and Testament of Sidney Brough." Everything of which the testator died possessed, was left to his grand-daughter Edna Brough.

For a moment the will hovered over the flame of the candle. Then Gentleman Joe wondered was it possible to make anything out of it? When the silver went into the melting-pot it wouldn't "pan out" at much, and there *might* be money in the paper he was holding.

A LISTENER—AND THE GOOD HE DID NOT HEAR OF HIMSELF!

SIDNEY BROUGH, on his death-bed, was filled with regret concerning his son, whom he had kicked out of his house years and years ago for pleasing himself in the choice of a wife. At the time he had disinherited him and made a will leaving everything to a cousin, Fergus Dean.

The son was dead. A letter had come from his widow, with a baby at her breast, telling the father of her loss and of her own sore need. The missive was tossed into the fire, and the proverb quoted about the making of beds and the lying thereon.

Later, when the babe reached girlhood, she came to the Hall to implore aid for her ailing mother.

Philip Harker, the squire's private secretary, interviewed her, and his heart went out to the distressed girl, who pleaded so pitifully.

Harsh as the words were he was instructed to use, the kindly glance of his grey eyes, the warm pressure of his hand at parting, had been grateful and comforting to the girl, whose heart just then was overbrimming with sorrow and pain.

Watching her departure from the Hall steps, Harker was strangely stirred. It was the first time in his life that his heart had been touched by a woman. It was so that love came to him.

Some time after that visit of his granddaughter—when the cousin from India came to reside there—Sidney Brough fell ill. Honest himself, the secretary did not for a moment suspect foul play. Indeed, there was nothing to indicate that the old man was being slowly poisoned by the newly-arrived cousin!

Moreover, Fergus Dean, the cousin, endeavoured to pour poison in Brough's ear against his secretary. But his efforts in that direction, anyway, were a failure. Harker had been with the old man so long, and managed the affairs of the estate so exceedingly well, that mere words could not shake the faith and trust that existed.

India is reputedly the birthplace of much that is evil. Many of the subtle poisons which now find place in the British Pharmacopœia originated there. Fergus had brought home a drug that, administered in small doses, at long intervals, effected its purpose without leaving a trace which analysis could discover.

Its drawback was the time taken to do its deadly work. Fergus Dean's exchequer was so low down that it was necessary for him to handle money quickly, if his head was to be kept above water.

It had been an easy matter for him to give out that he was going up to London for the day to visit a sick friend, and that he would not return until the morrow. He left the house openly, but, when the shades of evening fell, re-entered the grounds stealthily, and let himself into the building by a side door.

There his actions were as noiseless as Gentleman Joe's were later that very evening. Taking off his boots, he crept upstairs to his own room, which adjoined his cousin's, reaching it unobserved.

When his suspicions were first aroused that there was a possibility of a change being made in the will, he had taken down a picture, and picked a hole in the lath and plaster behind it. By that means he was able to see into the adjoining chamber, and hear what was said.

Mounting a chair and drawing aside the picture which covered the hole he had made, he peered into the sick room. His cousin, propped up with pillows, was sitting in bed. The secretary was beside him, writing.

As the cousin listened to what was being said, his eyes gleamed and his fingers were clenched so that the nails almost went into the palms of his hands. It was difficult to stifle the exclamation of rage and annoyance which rose to his lips.

As for Philip Harker—black hatred against him rose in the watcher's heart. For the sick man was dictating a new will and the secretary was writing it out!

A CURIOUS HIDING PLACE.

FERGUS DEAN heard the new will being shaped—as he had suspected and feared it would be: everything was left to the grand-daughter! When the will was finished and read over, the bell was rung. The sick man signed, Harker signed, and—in ignorance of the contents of the document—the manservant who had been summoned appended his name.

"A tardy act of justice I am performing." The testator sighed. "More or less, I was responsible for my son's death. That even did not satisfy me." The self-condemnation continued. "My cruelty continued to his wife. But in the case of the daughter, I hope that the will I have just signed will make some sort of reparation. Put it in that top drawer, Harker. To-morrow, the first thing, send for the lawyer, and deliver it into his custody. There is no knowing what my cousin might not do when I am dead."

"You think——"

"That," the Squire interposed, "he is not likely to hesitate at much! And now, good-night."

Harker lowered the gas till the flame was little bigger than a pea, then quietly left the room and ascended to his own bedroom above.

The watcher descended from the chair as noiselessly as a bird might have hopped from its perch. For quite a while he stood thinking—fiendish, devilish thoughts; then he lay down to rest.

When he heard eleven o'clock chimed by the grandfather's clock on the stairs, he stepped out into the passage, where all was darkness, and walked to the next door. Turning the handle silently, he gently pushed, and, dropping to his knees, after listening, crawled into the darkened chamber.

The sound of regular breathing told that the sick man slumbered. Crawling further in, Fergus reached up and opened the top drawer noiselessly. A moment later the paper which the secretary had placed there was abstracted. Then the thief made his way out of the room.

Passing the door of his own room he swiftly descended the stairs and turned into the library. There, striking a match, he lighted a candle.

His oaths as he read were deep, if not loud—the sick man's ears should have burned! If the will came into operation he, Fergus Dean, would be a pauper! It was only a question of hours now. The poison was completing its deadly work; it was not probable that the old man's eyes would open on the dawn of to-morrow.

Having placed the document in the vase where he felt it would be safe for a time, he put on his boots and, extinguishing the light, passed out through the French window.

FEELING HIS WAY.

NEXT morning Fergus Dean arrived at the Hall in the fly from the railway station. He saw that all the blinds were drawn—silence eloquent of the fact that Sidney Brough had passed away.

To the maid who opened the door to him, he pretended to be greatly affected by the news of his cousin's death. To Harker, whom he presently saw, he said:

"I am so cut up by this terrible news that I really don't know what I am doing. I suppose, as my cousin's relative, I ought to take the helm of affairs? But I really don't feel fit to do so. Would it not be as well if you sent over for the family lawyer—Steele, isn't his name?"

"I have already done that," Harker responded coldly. He was not for a moment deceived by the other's manner. "Crocodile's tears" was the label he mentally passed on the cousin's grief. He continued:

"But you are wrong in supposing yourself to be the only relative. There is your cousin's grand-daughter."

"Oh, yes. I had forgotten. But she may be dead too—for all we know."

"No. She is alive."

"How do you know that?"

"Curiously enough, amongst some letters which arrived for your cousin by this morning's mail, was one from Edna Brough—the grand-daughter. It gave her address, and I wired to her."

"You certainly lost no time!"

"I thought it—in your absence—the right thing to do."

"Of course—of course."

He had to agree. But if looks could have killed, Harker would have fallen at the other man's feet dead.

There was yet a roughness in the road Fergus had to travel; the servant called in to witness the will had to be considered. Could he be "arranged" with? Fergus wondered, as he walked away. If so, Harker's word, uncorroborated, would not be worth the price of a cigarette. He sought out the servant and said to him:

"I want to have a chat with you, Perker. Come into this room. It is a bad business about my cousin's

☞

—The second with B; and so on; making a sentence of twelve words.

death—bad for everyone. About yourself—how do you imagine it is likely to affect you?"

"Goodness knows, sir. If it rests with Mr. Harker it means my flitting pretty quickly. We two don't get on any too well, sir."

"We are in the same boat then, Perker!"

"I know that, sir. If I hadn't seen how the land lay between you, so to speak, I shouldn't have spoken quite so plainly."

"Whilst I was away yesterday," Fergus spoke slowly, as one feeling his way, "he induced my cousin to sign some sort of a document."

"That's so, sir. Last night. I know, because I was a witness to it."

"Knowing that my cousin was on the brink of death, Harker induced the poor old man to sign a will which left everything to him."

"So *that's* the way he feathered his nest, is it? My word! It is about the most glaring piece of robbery I ever heard of!"

"You are right."

"But you surely ain't going to let the matter rest like that, sir? Something can be done to upset a will got out in such a way?"

"Nothing—legally." The cousin shook his head. "There is a way though," he added, as if the idea had just occurred to him, "by which his ends could be frustrated."

"I reckon you oughtn't to hesitate," Perker observed quickly, "about taking it then, sir"—he was eager to hear what the "way" was, if it was likely to affect the man he disliked—"considering it means so much to you."

"There is nothing I should personally hesitate over, Perker, to gain my rights. For, but for this will, I should take everything. But, unfortunately," he proceeded carefully again, "I should need assistance."

"Can't you get it, sir?"

"I am willing to pay liberally for help, Perker." Watching from the corner of his eye, he saw the other's furtive, eager manner; it pleased and encouraged him. "A thousand pounds," he added slowly, to give weight to the words, "cheerfully. Just for a man's holding his tongue."

"The man with the tongue, sir," Perker rolled his own round his lips prior to speaking—there was such an appetising flavour about a thousand pounds!—"would be a bit of a fool if he didn't hold it."

"You think that?"

"Rather." He had smelt a rat! "You needn't look as if you didn't believe me. I should like someone," it was his turn to feel his way now, "to offer me a thousand pounds for holding my tongue."

"I am offering it to you, Perker, now!"

GONE!

"HOLDING my tongue," the man queried cautiously. "What about?"

"What you did last night—putting your signature as witness to that will. If you deny that you ever witnessed such a document, I will give you one thousand pounds the moment I come into my cousin's money."

Perker's eyes glistened as he looked at his companion. It was as if he already saw outstretched hands full of notes and gold! Then he sobered, and a note of disappointment was audible in his voice, as he said:

"You're forgetting. What would be the good of *my* silence. There's the document—and my signature at the foot of it right enough. I couldn't deny that."

"Supposing that, in some curious way, the will had found its way into my possession?"

A low whistle sounded from the servant's lips; partly surprise, partly admiration.

"That's a horse of quite another colour," he said. "I am jolly glad to hear it. I *hate* Philip Harker. He's been down on me ever since he came here. It will be a pleasure to put a spoke in his wheel."

"In addition to which," the other interrupted quietly, "there is the thousand pounds I promised you!"

The greedy glitter came back to Perker's eyes. What a lovely little road-side "pub" he might retire to for the remainder of his days! The idea was breathtaking.

"You mean," he said at last, "that I didn't sign any document?"

"That's it."

"How shall I know"—the man's natural cunning was displayed in his question—"that, in the finish, you will pay me over the thou'?"

"If I played you false, all you would have to do would be to open your mouth and speak the truth."

"True. That's good enough. What I say now I'll stick to whenever I'm asked. I never went upstairs last night and witnessed any will!"

"That's a bargain then. Now go about your work just as usual. I am going to destroy the will within the next five minutes."

The man left the room. Fergus walked to the mantel, tiptoed, and, by stretching, put a hand down the vase. As he groped within, a startled look shaped on his face; he could not feel anything! There was no doubt about it—the vase was empty!

The discovery was appalling. Someone had been there before him! The thing could not have flown. At last he contrived to marshal his wits and, staggering across the room, rang the bell.

"Perker," he said when the man entered, "there has been a robbery; thieves have been here!"

"Thieves?"

"Tell me quickly—apart from ourselves—who has been in here?"

The man did not answer; something he saw surprised him so. His eyes were fixed on a chiffonnier standing against the wall of the room. Walking to it and stooping, he examined it more closely, saying:

"Yes, you are right; there *have* been thieves here! Look!" He indicated marks on the beading where a tool had been used. "This door has been forced open!"

The silver the cupboard had contained was gone! It was, in a measure, a relief to Fergus Dean. *That* was the explanation; there really *had* been a burglary. But what on earth could have prompted any thief to look in the vase?

One thing was prominently clear: whoever he was the man must be found. Fergus did not care a scrap about the silver; he would never know a moment's peace until the will was in his possession again.

The police were sent for. Philip Harker put a large-sized rod in pickle for himself by suspecting, and voicing his suspicion of, the manservant. It made Perker more than ever eager to play the part cast for him in the little drama shaped a few hours before.

Apart from the gratification of his malice, the reward was to be a thousand pounds.

MISSING.

EDNA BROUGH'S astonishment at receiving a telegram from Harker was great. She remembered the secretary quite well. It was not difficult to recall the kindly glances of his grey eyes and the courtesy he had shown her at that time, before her mother died, when compelled by his employer to deliver a distasteful message. She did not go to her place of employment, but set out for the Hall at once, curiously enough travelling down in the same train as Steele, the dead man's lawyer, to whom also a telegram had been sent.

Harker showed the girl into the morning-room, and took the lawyer to the library. There he told of the will Sidney Brough made before he died.

"There was no time to send for you, Mr. Steele," he explained. "It was done on the spur of the moment."

"The will I prepared for him," the lawyer observed, not altogether pleased at having no finger in the pie, "was after his quarrel with his son, many years ago. Then everything was left to a cousin of his, by name Fergus Dean—a man who is in India."

"*Was*, you mean," Harker corrected. "He has been staying here some time."

"And the new will," the lawyer queried. "There is an alteration, of course?"

"In favour of his grand-daughter."

"Oh! So he changed his mind at last! Well, I must own I am surprised. He used to speak with such bitterness of his son and his son's wife."

"I will give the will over to you at once. It is possible that you may need it to act on."

"Who is appointed executor?"

"You, as you were in the old one."

"Oh, come; that is better!" The lines on the lawyer's brow became a little less pronounced. "I began to think that I was being left out in the cold altogether."

"Why you may need it," continued Harker, "is because Fergus Dean, the cousin, knows nothing of the alteration which has been made, and he may be restive on hearing he is not to be—as he has always supposed he would be—master here."

"M'yes."

"I will fetch the will—or you will perhaps want to see the last of your old client?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then. We will go up. The will is in his bedroom."

Together they ascended to the death-chamber. The lawyer looked down at the clay lying on the bed there. Meanwhile, Harker pulled out the drawer in which he had placed the will. As he did so a startled exclamation left his lips. The drawer was empty!

SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

"IT is more than extraordinary," Harker exclaimed when at last he had looked everywhere and given up the search as hopeless. "Not a soul has been in the room, save the doctor, this morning."

Blended with the lawyer's surprise was a slight feeling of pleasure as they descended to the library. He did not approve of amateur will-drawing, although, up to that stage, he had no doubt that such a document had been drawn and signed.

"Of course," he suggested at last, "the will was attested in the usual way? Witnesses will be able to speak as to its contents?"

"I and the manservant here witnessed it."

"You didn't, I suppose, Mr. Harker, dream all this by any chance, did you?"

"I have told you," Harker answered angrily, "that there was a second witness called up to the bedroom, and he attested the will with me."

"Ring the bell and have the man in."

"You mean to say," Harker asked brusquely, for he was ablaze with indignation, "that you need confirmation of what I have told you?"

"When you grow as old as I am, Mr. Harker," the other retorted quietly, "you may be more jealous than to take offence where none is intended!"

Harker hurried to the bell and rang it. When the manservant entered, in response, Harker immediately addressed him, saying:

"Perker, you remember being called upstairs to your master's bedroom last night and witnessing Mr. Brough's signature to a document, I first and you afterwards putting your own signature to it?"

"Signature, sir?"

Perker echoed the word as, at the same time, he assumed a look of astonishment.

"Yes, yes, man!" Harker spoke impatiently. "The signature to his will."

As he watched the look of surprise on the servant's face Harker's hand went to his head. He tried to steady himself, feeling as if the room were going round with him. He wondered, was his reason tottering? Was he going mad?

"I beg pardon, sir, but I think you must be making some mistake."

"Mistake?" Harker almost shouted the word. "What do you mean?"

"You'll excuse me, sir, I'm sure, but what do you mean? You said about a will, sir, and something of a signature. You don't mean to suggest that I signed my name to anyone's will, sir, do you?"

"Do you deny," Harker stuttered in his anger, "that you came upstairs when I rang for you, and saw Mr. Brough put his name to a will, and then you attached your own signature, after mine?"

"Most certainly I do, sir!"

Harker's hand went to his brow as if to wipe away an enveloping cloud. He even began to wonder whether it was possible that there was anything in Steele's suggestion that he had been dreaming!

The lawyer had kept silent during the conversation, his sharp eyes shifting from Perker to Harker and back again. Prejudice helped the shaping of a conclusion that, for some reason or other, Harker was lying. Suddenly the secretary exclaimed:

"The burglars! The thieves! Of course! What a fool not to have thought of that! The will may have been stolen as well as the silver from the chiffonnier here."

Burglars! Thieves! The words fell on Steele's ears unmeaningly. What new phase of the affair was this? he wondered; and his eyes became a couple of interrogation points.

"One moment," he intervened. "I understand you to say that the robbery took place in this room? But before you told me that you left the document upstairs!"

"I—yes—I did." Harker hesitated weakly. The room was starting to go round again! "Although that does not account for this man here denying that he attested the signature." He turned to the servant. "That will do, Perker, for the present; you can go."

The man changed his expression of amazement to one of relief—both assumptions being equally good. He had been looking from the lawyer to Harker as if the whole affair were an unfathomable mystery to him.

When he left the room, he did a "hop, skip, and a jump," along the passage—so elated was he at the way in which he had been able to "keep his end up."

A COCK-AND-BULL STORY.

FERGUS DEAN entered the library. The warmth of the lawyer's greeting was due to the fact that Steele, he now, wholly disbelieved the story of the newly-made will. Besides, if the cousin from India inherited everything—as he did under the old will—here was a new client. The king was dead—long live the king!

So far as Fergus Dean was concerned, he hated the secretary with all the strength of his mean little soul. The secretary's discomfiture elated him. Harker did not fail to notice that—and wondered: did the cousin know something of the missing will?

"Well, Mr. Dean," Steele said, with an ingratiating smile, "I suppose you have heard something of your friend's story—that Mr. Sidney Brough, just before he died, made a new will?"

"Really!" The cousin affected astonishment. "I have been living here and heard nothing of it!"

"I don't suppose you have. Or," the lawyer added shortly, "anyone else. It is the kind of yarn one tells to the marines! The suggestion is that your cousin before he died, signed a will and that Mr. Harker and Perker, the servant here, attested the signature."

"Is—that—really so?"

"Well, the will is not forthcoming. That is the finish of the story."

"Do you understand, Mr. Steele," Harker intervened heatedly, "that you are calling me a liar?"

"Not in words," the lawyer retorted coolly. "But you are at full liberty to draw inferences—as I have done! You say you had a will. I ask you for it. You cannot 'find' it. You talk about burglars. Doesn't it occur to you that it has a cock-and-bull ring

I will give five safety-razors for the best sentences. Mark postcards "Alpha." (See page 648.)

about it? Then, when it comes to the alleged witness to the will, he denies that he ever signed it!"

"You mean that you disbelieve——"

"My dear sir," the lawyer interrupted, "I am a man of business. Time is not to be wasted. As executor of the late Sidney Brough's will, I act."

"You mean that——"

"I take possession here. And now I have things to say which do not need a second listener! It is necessary that you should understand your position in this house. Your late master allowed you a free rein. I am master now—for the time being, anyway. You will leave this room please."

Hot words surged to Harker's lips. But he was wise enough to choke them back. His treatment was a studied insult, but he felt that, whilst the will was missing, there were grounds for the lawyer acting as he did. He turned and left the room.

WITH AN ULTERIOR MOTIVE.

HARKER'S heart seemed as heavy as lead in his bosom as he walked to the room where Edna was waiting.

"Miss Brough," he said, as she rose to meet him, "I am in deep distress."

"Because my grandfather is dead?"

"Just now, I am concerned more for the living than the dead—don't think me brutal when I say that—I don't mean to be. Last night, at your grandfather's dictation, I wrote out a will. He left you his heiress."

"Mr. Harker! Ah! if only he had forgiven before, whilst my dear mother was alive. We wanted money so very, very badly then. Now things are better with me. I learnt typewriting, and—but what did you mean by saying that you were in distress?"

"In connection with the will made last night. It is lost."

"But surely it will be found again?"

"God knows, I hope so. So much depends on its production. And yet I have grave fears. If it is not found I shall never forgive myself—never."

He told her all that had occurred. Edna would not listen to his blaming himself; indeed, she did her best to comfort and console him. Acting on his advice, she did not return to town, but stayed in the house until the funeral.

Dean, the secretary, and Edna, met at meal times—it was not the cousin's fault that he did not meet the girl oftener. Her beauty appealed to him; he was persistent in his overtures of friendship.

On the day of the funeral the lawyer came down again and, after the ceremony, the will which he brought with him was read. Everything was left to Fergus Dean—and "everything," Steele announced smilingly, meant something like a million of money.

During the reading of the will Dean had not taken his eyes off Edna; he had seen her hand go out to the secretary's arm restrainingly. That annoyed him exceedingly; she had grown very desirable in his eyes in the few days she had been in the house.

Why should she prefer this wretched secretary—a mere servant—to a man who, she had just heard, would be worth a million of money? It was to him incomprehensible. But he had so fertile a brain that it seemed to work on ball bearings. His next words were the outcome of his thoughts.

"There is one matter, Mr. Steele," he said, turning to the lawyer, "in connection with the will that I do not quite approve."

DISMISSED!

How could anyone disapprove of a will which left him a million of money? The lawyer looked over his glasses in genuine astonishment.

"What is that?" he asked.

"My cousin's son displeased him. But I have my own views. I do not think that the sins of the father should be visited upon the children."

"Still I do not understand you."

"I mean," Fergus explained, "that some provision must be made for Miss Brough. Why," he turned to the girl, "not stop here? The place, the servants, everything is at your service. We are related, distantly perhaps, but still there are ties, and, after all, blood is thicker than water."

"No, no; a thousand times, no." Then, conscious of the rudeness of her abrupt refusal, she continued, more quietly, "I am very grateful to you, Mr. Dean. But it is impossible."

The girl's speech was an immense relief to Harker. He had fallen deeply in love with her; she was the one woman in the world for him.

As if to mark the finality of her refusal Edna rose and walked towards the door. Harker reached it before her, and stood there holding it open. He was about to follow her when the lawyer's voice stopped him.

"One moment, Mr. Harker. Your salary, I understand, was two hundred pounds per annum. You were paid up to the last quarter I see by the entries in these books. There is some six weeks now owing to you." He drew out his cheque-book. "That sum, and a quarter's money in lieu of notice, I was going to draw a cheque for."

He was filling in a blank as he spoke. Having appended his signature and blotted it, he continued:

"You will understand, I hope, the significance of this. On behalf of my client here, I may say that your presence in this house is no longer desired. Plainly, I do not like your behaviour, Mr. Harker. It does not strike me as being clean and honest."

"Honest! How dare you?"

Philip had flushed angrily, but there was no wisdom in losing his temper if he meant to serve the woman he loved. So, choking down his emotion, he took the cheque without another word, and left the room.

Running upstairs to his room, he tumbled his belongings into a bag. Descending to the hall he saw Edna waiting for a fly. They journeyed to the station in that and went up to London in the same train.

THE BLACKMAILER COMES.

FERGUS DEAN was sitting alone, enjoying a cigar and drinking brandy and soda—he was needing quite a quantity of stimulants lately! The handle of the door rattled. Perker—no longer respectfully tapping on the door before he entered—stepped into the room.

"There's a man in the hall," he said, "to see you; a rough sort of chap."

"What is his name?"

"He declined to give it."

"Then tell him I refuse to see him."

"I wouldn't," Perker shook his head, "do that."

"Why not?"

"'M, well—something in his manner, perhaps. Half-threatening, and half as if he had a *right* to threaten. If I were you I'd—well, anyway, he's seated himself in the hall and says he's not going till you *have* seen him."

"Show the brute in! I'll soon dispose of him."

A few moments after Gentleman Joe was ushered in. He waited until the manservant had withdrawn and the door was closed, then, advancing, he looked keenly at Dean and said, smilingly:

"Yes. You're the covey right enough—just as I supposed. Heir, so I am told, to this 'ere place, under the will."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't be in a hurry. We've plenty of time afore us. That's brandy and soda you're putting away, ain't it? I'll have one, too, if you don't mind."

"Are you a madman?"

"Me? Lorluvyer," he laughed blithely, "there ain't a saner bloke in all London!"

"You insisted on seeing me. What for? Tell me your business."

Fergus was sensible of a feeling of discomfiture. But he walked in the direction of the bell-pull, and, with his hand on that, said:

"Again, tell me your business, quickly, or I'll have you thrown out."

"Oh, there won't be no chucking-out, guv'nor! Tell you? You know right enough! The will that you stole and planted in that vase there." He pointed. "What leaves you without a penny, if so be as it was produced! I take it you'll think twice afore pulling that bell now, eh?"

It was a surprise! For a moment Fergus reeled like a drunken man. Taking advantage of this derangement, Gentleman Joe said coolly:

"There's a lot of talking for us to get through, guv'nor. This"—he leaned forward and tapped the decanter of brandy significantly—"sort of oils my cackling works. Shall I looberocate?"

Fergus was too dumfounded to answer. With a laugh, and lifting the decanter as he spoke, the man poured out half a tumbler of the spirit and drank it.

"What do you," Fergus inquired hoarsely, "know about the will?"

"As a matter o' fact, guv'nor, I 'appen to have got persession of it!"

He spoke with cheerful assurance. Dean's eyes blazed, and he started to spring forward. The man's laugh stopped him.

"You surely don't think as I'm such a bloomin' mug, guv'nor, as to come here, into the lion's den like, with it in me blessed pocket?"

"You then are the burglar who broke in here? I will send for a policeman!"

"Be liberal whilst you're ladling out orders, guv'nor," Gentleman Joe laughed again. "Send for two; it don't cost no more! There'd be one a-piece then; one for you and one for yours terewly."

Again Fergus was silenced. After a moment's pause, his visitor continued:

"You and me 'as got to make terms. I don't know what the will's worth to you, but I do know what it's worth to me. You've got to parker up if you want to buy it."

Again there was silence. Fergus was thinking.

"How much?" he asked at last hoarsely.

"A thousand quid. Gimme a hundred down now, and I parts with the dockyment for another nine hundred shiners later on."

There was more talk. But the visitor had the whip hand. Ultimately the hundred pounds were handed over and a meeting arranged for that day week. Gentleman Joe, after giving his address, left the Hall elated with his success; he had not counted on so easily reaching his goal. A thousand pounds! He had never handled so much money in his life.

(Another instalment next week.)

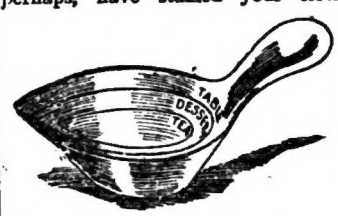
Picture Pars

We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped addressed envelope is inclosed.

THREE SPOONS IN ONE.

No doubt you have often upset your medicine while in the act of measuring out a tablespoonful, and, perhaps, have stained your clothes. Our sketch depicts a very useful article, which can be purchased at a very small cost, which obviates this. It is an earthenware spoon containing three measurements, the dessertspoon, tablespoon, and teaspoon. This little spoon should appeal more especially to the housewife, who, when giving children of varying ages their medicine, can easily and quickly measure the quantity required.

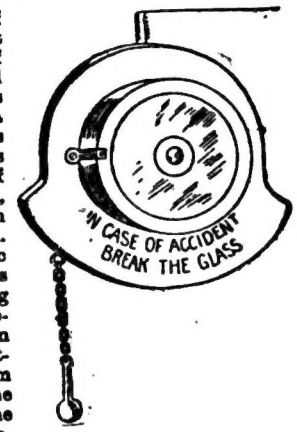


PREVENTS CLOGGING.

BY placing a metal button in the bowl of your pipe, in the manner shown, you will prevent much of the nicotine from entering the bottom of the bowl, and also give an open space for the smoke to pass through. A hairpin, used as a pair of tweezers, may be utilised to place the button in position, and its presence in the bowl will prevent the pipe getting clogged, thus insuring a comfortable smoke.

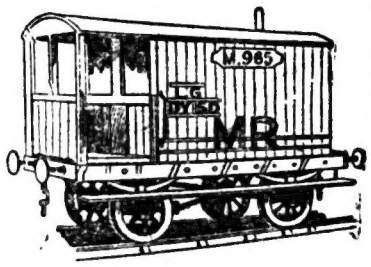
STOPS THE MACHINERY.

THE small and insignificant metal case shown in the illustration has been the means of saving many lives. It is installed in most of the large mills and factories in this country. When a serious accident occurs the glass of the case is broken by means of the hammer attached, and the small button in the centre is pressed. This forms an electric current which releases a powerful spring attached to the stop-valve of the main engine, thereby shutting off the steam and stopping all the machinery in the factory almost immediately. These devices are placed in most danger spots in the factories.



WHAT THE LETTERS MEAN.

UNDER the new system of control adopted by the Midland Railway Company all goods trains now carry code letters or symbols. The two letters over the others indicate the time of departure, and those below, the starting point and destination of the trains. The letters indicating the time of departure are taken from a code diagram, in the case of the hours the letter A standing for one o'clock, and so on down to the letter M, twelve o'clock. The letter J is omitted. For the minutes A indicates five minutes past, B ten minutes, and so on. Thus the truck illustrated is timed to depart at 11.35. The letters below stand for the first and last letters of the towns between which the train is running, in this case Derby and Sheffield.



When sending Picture Pars, address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta St., London, W.C.

A VAN HORSE CHATS.

He Tells Us All About The London Van Horse Parade Society.

I AM a London van horse, and just now we are very busy getting ready for our annual parade on April 17th.

Whoa a moment! That may give you the idea that we are hurriedly "faked up" for the occasion, and that is not so.

The prizes go to the horses that show signs of continued good treatment, and the judges do not look to fancy points, but to general condition and fitness.

First, however, let me tell you something about our society, which is called the London Van Horse Parade Society.

It was founded in 1904, Mr. James Buchanan, the well-known distiller, being prominent among other gentlemen in the movement, and giving us an excellent send-off with a special donation of 100 guineas.

From the first the society enlisted the support and sympathies of many notable people, including His Majesty the King.

At our first parade there were 132 entries, and since then the number has steadily grown, until last year we were just four short of the 500, a record which we hope to beat this meeting.

DRIVERS—GOOD AND CRUEL.

The society was founded with the following objects:

"To improve the general condition and treatment of van and other light draught horses employed for business purposes and to encourage drivers to take a humane and individual interest in the horses under their care by giving prizes and premiums to those whom the judges consider worthy to receive them at an annual parade."

The definition of a horse eligible for the parade is as follows:

They shall not be what are known as ponies or cart horses, or be eligible for the other cart horse parade.

They must be shown in the actual vehicle and harness in which they perform their daily work, and must have been so used for at least three months prior to the parade.

No decorations will be allowed on the whips.

I can't properly tell you all the good the society has done for us. Of course, there have always been good and kind drivers, lovers of animals, just as there have always been bad, cruel drivers, though, thanks to the society, their number is diminishing.

But what we suffered from most in the past was not so much actual ill-treatment as indifference and neglect. We were just beasts of burden, and the average driver had no particular interest in us.

Now all that is changed. Our masters know that it will pay them to take care of us. Not that I think it is only the money that appeals to them. The competition of the parade encourages a healthy rivalry, and I am sure our masters are as anxious for the honour of getting a red rosette as the money that goes with it.

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE ROSETTES.

Now to come to the parade, it is entirely a practical examination. While, of course, smartness counts, a battered, well-worn vehicle, provided it is clean and well-kept, stands just as good a chance as a spick-and-span new van, and similarly with ourselves, a horse may be showing signs of age, but if it is clear that his master takes care of him he is just as likely to get a red rosette as the youngest and freshest of us.

There are four classes of rosettes, viz., red, blue, white, and green, and the money goes as follows:

	Single Horse s.	Single Horse d.	Pair. s.
Red rosette	10	0	15
Blue "	7	6	10
White "	3	6	5

The green rosette means very highly commended, but does not carry any money with it.

The winners of red rosettes also receive a brass badge through the kindness of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and this is highly valued by our masters.

Last year 309 red rosettes were awarded. I may say that before competing in the parade we have to be passed as "fit" by a veterinary surgeon, but last year out of the whole 496 of us only four were turned back.

OUR KNOWLEDGE TESTS.

Six More Half-guineas Offered to Readers this Week.

AWARDS IN CONTEST No. 17.

(1) BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

The prize of 10s. 6d. has been awarded to W. F. Crossland, 105 Burcot Road, Heeley, Sheffield, who defined the above phrase in these terms:

"Between Scylla and Charybdis" describes a position in which danger threatens on either side. "Scylla" and "Charybdis" were fabled monsters who dwelt in rocks said to lie on either side of the Strait of Messina. "Scylla," by fierce barking, caused sailors to steer nearer "Charybdis," whose whirlpool engulfed the ship.

(2) CROSSING THE RUBICON.

J. Grimshaw, 7 Park Road, Ruabon, North Wales, contributed the winning explanation, which reads as follows:

The first step in the Civil War between Julius Cæsar and Pompey was commenced by the former crossing the river Rubicon, which separated Gaul, where Cæsar was commander, from Italy. Hence the phrase "Crossing the Rubicon" signifies the beginning of a hazardous enterprise from which there is no turning back.

(3) FINSEN CURE.

The definition selected as the best was received from G. A. Watt, 109 South Street, Elgin, and was in the following terms:

This is a treatment for lupus, or consumption of the skin. Finsen, of Copenhagen, discovered that concentrated light, filtered through "green" glass, and thus deprived of some of its heat so as not to destroy the skin, has a curative effect. The Finsen Cure is now widespread.

(4) BAR OF THE HOUSE.

The explanation of this phrase considered the best was submitted by R. Porter, 26 David Place, Jersey, to whom the prize has been awarded:

This is a barrier in both Houses of Parliament beyond which only members and clerks are allowed. Members violating privileges may be called to the Bar and punished. The Commons attend at the Bar of the Lords to hear the Royal speech, and Bills passed by them are received there.

(5) CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

The winning attempt in this contest was sent by J. Russell, 3 Strathcona Drive, Anniesland, Glasgow, who wrote as follows:

The word "Classical" denotes excellent or first-class, derived from the division of the Roman people into classes, the first of which was called, by way of eminence, the Classic. Hence the term "classic" as applied to authors of standard authority, particularly to writers among the Greeks and the Romans.

(6) MACHIAVELLIAN.

This term was best defined by W. Hamilton, 11 Leicester Road, Newport, Mon., who receives the award of 10s. 6d. for the following:

Machiavellian is the term applied to the principles of Government advocated by the Italian statesman Niccolo Machiavelli, namely, that the treachery of rulers is justified by the wickedness of the ruled. It is applied to those who resort to duplicity for the furtherance of personal influence or political power.

YOU HAVE WON——

THE respect of a man when you have increased his stock of common knowledge. You have often been asked by a friend what such-and-such a phrase means. Sometimes you can give the correct answer, but it frequently happens that when you are asked to explain the exact meaning of a quite common idiom, you find, to your own surprise, that you are unable to do so. You have a hazy notion, but you cannot give the precise definition in ordinary commonsense language.

For instance, how many readers could give a satisfactory explanation of the following six idioms:

(1) *Eugenics.*
(2) *Sardonic grin.*
(3) *Pot luck.*
(4) *Holding a candle to the devil.*
(5) *Second sight.*
(6) *Natural selection.*

I want all my readers to enter this simple knowledge test.

First of all write the word or phrase you choose on the back of a postcard, and put your explanation in as short and precise a way as you can—in any case, you must not exceed fifty words—and attach your name and address.

You may send in your explanation of all the six if you like, but each must be written on a separate postcard.

Address your postcard to the "Test" Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., to arrive not later than Thursday, March 30th.

MY SUDDEN JUMP.

Mr. VERNON WATSON,

whose Imitations are the Big "Hit" in "By George!" the Empire Revue, tells what led to his Remarkable Jump from Bank Clerk to Well-known Comedian.

To start with, I should like to say I am still a little bewildered at all the flattering things that have been said about my performance in the Empire Revue. One critic was particularly kind; but, my name not being on the programme the first night, he referred to me as "that mysterious person." But there's really no deception! I'm just a plain man.

For some years past I have been a clerk in a bank at Peterborough, my native town, and though this was my first appearance as a professional, I have occasionally performed at amateur concerts.

On one occasion I had been asked to sing at a concert many miles from home, and when I arrived there I was highly gratified to see my name stuck up on the bills outside the hall in very large letters. I went to my dressing-room, and just as I was about to unpack my portmanteau and dress, a knock came on the door.

"Come in!" I called, and the door opened a little.

"Please, sir," a small boy's head came through the opening to say, "the orchestra want the music for your songs."

"HAVE YOU EVER DONE CARD TRICKS?"

It wasn't much to ask for, but the small boy's request made my blood run cold. I grabbed my portmanteau and jerked it open. I searched in every corner. I dragged out all my clothes and shook them. I had forgotten my music!

I explained the situation to the small boy's head; it—the head—was sympathetic, but helpless.

It was a horrible dilemma. I couldn't sing without some sort of accompaniment; the orchestra couldn't accompany me without some sort of music. In short, the pig wouldn't get over the stile.

At every great crisis in the history of the human race a *man* has arisen to put things right. The man arose.

"Have you ever done card tricks on the stage?" he asked.

"No," I told him.

"Have you ever tried to do card tricks?" he persisted.

"Only at home," I replied.

"Well, take these!" he said, and thrust a pack of cards into my hands. "The programme has simply got your name. It doesn't say whether you're going to sing, recite, or stand on your head. So you can do card tricks."

For ten minutes or so I worked hard, going over all the tricks I could remember. Then I was shot on the stage. Nothing will ever blot out the memory of that triumph. For it was a triumph! I, who had never done card tricks before an audience in my life before, kept those people interested for ten minutes—though it seemed like ten months!

BLUFF AND A BAD LIGHT!

When I said I'd find the five of diamonds for them, and the wretched thing didn't appear, I simply pretended it had, flashed the cards in their faces, and hurried on with the next trick. I had to trust to luck and the rather dim light to pull me through, and when I thought I had been on long enough to justify the size of my name on the bills I staggered off.

I might have taken an encore if I hadn't been in a state of collapse!

I don't know whether it was that my audiences were easily pleased, but my amateur songs used to go down very well, and once or twice friends suggested that I should go on the stage as a professional. Through the kind offices of one of these friends I received one day a telegram from the Empire Theatre asking me to go to London for a trial show.

I read the message from each end; I looked at it sideways, and I held it up to the light. It seemed genuine enough, so I got a holiday from the bank, gave the best account of myself I could in London, and returned to work.

I can honestly say I didn't expect anything to come of it. I was all the more astonished, then, to receive an offer for a long engagement at the Empire. It was such a big step to take, that I thought over it for a week or two before accepting the offer, but now I am very, very glad I did accept it.

Have you ever been unfortunate enough to be chosen as the one to bear terrible news?

Why we take the Census

Counting the Millions of Britishers is Only a Small Reason.

EVERY ten years we count our people. The job is no light or cheap one, for the services of at least 40,000 enumerators are required, while a large staff of clerks, numbering over 200, are kept at work for two years after, boiling down and tabulating the results of each census.

Add to this the printing and preparation of over ten million forms, and it is easy to see what a very big task is before the Government. As a matter of fact, each census costs the taxpayer more than half a million of money.

Some may wonder why we should trouble to take a census at all, why we should spend this immense sum for the purpose, as most people imagine, of simply finding out how many people own George V. as King.

IT'S WANTED FOR MAKING LAWS.

But if you read—as you should do—the Blue Book which contains the result of each census, you will very speedily realise that a census means something far more important than the mere satisfaction of curiosity as to how many more millions we have than France, or fewer than Germany.

There is no one, from law maker down to labourer, who will not find matter to interest him in the census report, and no one to whom the information gathered there is not of actual value.

For instance, the recent Stepney murders have caused a great deal of talk about the alien question, and we shall probably see fresh legislation on the subject in the near future.

But you cannot make laws without first having facts to go upon. You want to know how many foreigners there are in the country, where they live, and what they do.

The census gives all these particulars. It tells you that, while in 1861 there were but just over 100,000 foreigners living in England, in 1901 this number had increased to 339,000. To-day it is probably near the half million mark.

It tells you that 630 out of every 1,000 aliens live in London, and that the great majority of these reside in the Borough of Stepney. Stepney's foreign population increased from 16,000 in 1881 to 54,000 in 1901. That is, 18 per cent. of the borough's entire population were foreign born.

THE RUSH TO THE TOWNS.

Thinking people are disturbed at the decline of farming caused by the rush from the country to the big towns. They find their facts all cut and dried in the census reports. The last census showed that no fewer than fourteen of our counties were suffering depopulation.

Oxfordshire and Devonshire have the unpleasant distinction of losing most people, so it is in these counties that most active steps should be taken to bring people back to the land. Oxfordshire lost 6,635 people between 1891 and 1901; Devonshire 5,376. Norfolk lost over 4,000 and Suffolk more than 3,000. Essex and Lancashire, on the other hand, gained each over a quarter of a million.

Information concerning the various occupations pursued by the people is naturally of great value. We find all this set out in the census tables. Curious facts are revealed. Such, for instance, as that of every 10,000 males at ages over ten years 1,029 are engaged in the conveyance of goods, persons, or messages. Almost exactly the same proportion of females are employed in domestic service.

But there is no end to the valuable information obtainable from the census reports. They show the urgent need for a Redistribution Bill and for fresh legislation as to the rapidly growing number of the insane. And if they did nothing else they would make each reader hold his head a little higher as he realises of what a marvellous Empire he is a unit.

HE WAS DISCHARGED.

"WHY are you wandering about the country instead of looking after your wife and children at home?" inquired the lady of the tattered tramp.

"Well, ma'am, it's like this," explained the tramp. "My wife has a very fine servant. A perfect treasure."

"I don't believe there ever was such a girl!"

"There only is one, ma'am, and my wife's got her."

"Good gracious! She's a very lucky woman!"

"She is, ma'am. But the trouble is that girl didn't like me."

"Well?"

"She didn't like me, and she told my wife she must either discharge me or her, so my wife discharged me, ma'am."

"Oh, I see! Poor fellow! Here's something for you!"

AN OLD HAND.

"HAVE you had any experience in the china trade?" asked the merchant.

"Many years of it, sir," answered the applicant for the situation.

"H'm! What do you do when you break a very valuable piece of china?"

"Well—er—I generally put it together and place it somewhere for a customer to knock over. Then charge him for it."

"You'll do, my man. Take off your coat and start right away."

LADIES AND GENTS SENT BY POST!

By trusting yourself to the tender mercies of the G.P.O. you can now be sent by post from one district to another. Below our cartoonist shows how a lovesick young man, who had incurred the displeasure of pa, made use of the human postal service—in a dream.

Suppose, for example, you had to tell a man that his house and property had been destroyed by fire——

Look Out for "Lumberers."

"P.W." Exposes the Wiles of the Racecourse "Swatcher."

A "LUMBERER" is a racecourse trickstor, whose speciality is "telling the tale," that is, fleecing the unwary racegoer by means of specious lies. Now that the flat racing has started again he is sure to reap rich harvests from the gullible.

He must not be confused with those other racecourse "characters," who are known as the "heads," and the "boys," although a "lumberer" may occasionally be a "head," and often is one of the "boys," whose pleasant nickname is somewhat belied by their appearance and habits.

The "heads," also known as the "nuts," the "clever division," and the "boys," are men who make a profession of racing. They live by their shrewdness and racing knowledge, and are often in the way of getting really valuable information and thus bringing off a big coup.

The "lumberer" is to be found in the cheapest ring, but prefers the more expensive inclosures, and he is often well-dressed and well-spoken.

His prey is the inexperienced racegoer of any age.

GETTING PALLY WITH THE VICTIM.

His first step is to get into conversation with the proposed victim, and this is easy on a racecourse, where people speak to each other in a way they would not dream of doing elsewhere.

What follows depends on circumstances. If the greenhorn is very green indeed, the "lumberer" will "work" him single-handed.

Perhaps he will let a race or two go by without making a move, and then, pretending to have taken a fancy to the "pigeon," he will let him into the great secret—his old school-fellow or brother-officer, Lord Dashitall's "Catsmeat" is an absolute certainty for the next race. "I oughtn't to tell you this. 'Billy' would never forgive me if he knew I had let it out, but I like your looks, young fellow—or, you seem a good sportsman, sir—you had better have a tenner on—only you mustn't be seen doing it. People would know I had told you, and it might get round to Billy's ears. I'm going to put a tenner on myself—let me take yours."

The "mug" hands over his money, and the rascal goes off and apparently makes a bet. He may actually put a trifle on so as to get a ticket to show his friend, but as a rule he has a pocketful of old vouchers to display, and simply pockets the tenner.

"Catsmeat," of course, has been selected as having no real chance, but if by any extraordinary fluke she wins, the "lumberer" departs on some excuse—"must run round and congratulate old Billy; I'll be back in a minute"—and is seen no more.

THE LUMBERER WHO KNOCKS YOU DOWN.

Naturally "Catsmeat's" defeat requires explanation, but that is readily forthcoming. The rogue departs this time to condole with Lord Dashitall and returns with the information that the horse was left at the post, was struck into by another horse, or some tale of that kind. "But, never mind, sir, we'll get it all back on the next race. I happened to run against Branmash, the trainer—very old friend of mine, Bran—and he tells me "Coughdrop" simply can't lose. I should advise a dash—better have fifty on." In this way a wealthy Colonial once parted with £300 without having a shilling actually put on for him.

Sometimes the "lumberer" comes flying across the ring and runs into the destined victim, perhaps knocking him down. "I'm awfully sorry, sir," he says, picking him up, "fact is, I've got £500 to put for—er—I mustn't tell you. But, look here, I'm afraid I've hurt you. Fact is, I'm executing the stable commission for So-and-so. Let me put a fiver on for you by way of apology."

Sometimes the "lumberer" or one of the gang poses as a retired jockey, and having quite possibly been a stable-boy at some time or other he can both look the part and talk it.

These are only some of the devices of the "lumberer" who preys on man's cupidity and love of getting something for nothing.

It is not necessary to regard every racecourse stranger who asks for a pencil or a match with dire suspicion, but if he eventually offers to put you on a "certainty," take care. Racing-men who have valuable information are not in the habit of imparting it to casual acquaintances.

FOILED!

"HENRY," said Mrs. Henpeck, in an awful voice, "my mother has opened my eyes to your goings on. You have engaged a new typist."

"Yes, dear. How did you know?"

"Never mind; I know! Your typist is quite young—only about eighteen or so?"

"Yes, dear; about that."

"Ah! I guessed it! And has lovely blue eyes?"

"I don't know about that, love."

"Don't call me 'love,' monster! Your typist has a soft voice and engaging manner?"

"Ye-es, I think so."

"Wretch! I knew it! Tell me the name of your typist!"

"The name of my typist?"

"Don't prevaricate. I must, and shall know the name of the forward creature!"

"What for?"

"Never mind, what for. What is your typist's name?"

"It's William Frederick Keybang!"

YOUR FINAL CHANCE.

Free Trips to Cup Final.

LAST 12 TICKETS THIS WEEK.

THIS week we make our last offer of free trips to view the English Cup Final, which takes place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, April 22nd.

In addition to paying for the admission to the Palace grounds of our guests, we are also bearing the full expense of their visit to London. Our offer, therefore, includes:

Free return railway ticket from any part of the United Kingdom to London.
Hot breakfast.
A drive in a char-a-banc round London.
Hot dinner at twelve o'clock.
A drive to the Crystal Palace.
Admission to the Palace.
Five-shilling seat in the Grand Stand to witness the match.
A drive back from the Crystal Palace to London.
Substantial tea.

This week we offer twelve free tickets—six pairs—for the English Cup Final, and these will be awarded for the best Football Headers on "SHEffield United," the name of the prominent First League Club.

Don't miss this last opportunity of a free trip to the Cup Final. Enter now.

HOW TO MAKE FOOTBALL HEADERS.

To make a Football Header you take the name SHEffield United and make a phrase or sentence of three words, the initials of which must be the first three letters of the name, shown in black type. You may use the three letters in any order you like if it will help you to make a better sentence or phrase. It is this sentence or phrase that is called a Football Header.

Supposing you were given the club SWINDON, here is an example which will show at a glance how to make Football Headers:—Club: SWIndon. Football Header: SUGGESTS "IRON WAYS."

You will notice that we are awarding the tickets in pairs. This is to enable you to bring a friend with you so that your visit to London may be the more enjoyable.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. When you have filled up the entry form, get your friend to sign his or her name below yours, then cut it out, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communication to be inclosed.

2. Envelopes must be marked "Sheffield" on the top left-hand corner. All attempts must be posted to arrive not later than Thursday, March 30th.

3. The prizes will be awarded for the attempts considered the best. After these have been selected a free invitation will be sent to each of the readers whose names appear on the winning entry forms, to travel from the addresses they give to view the English Cup Final.

4. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

5. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

Results of Football Headers appear on Page iii. of Red Cover.

ENTRY FORM. "FOOTBALL HEADERS" 30/3/11

(Write your three words clearly in ink.)

.....

.....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Smallpox Patients Welcomed

London and Foreign Hospitals Sometimes Keep and Pay Patients with Freak Diseases.

WHEN the present smallpox epidemic broke out in London it was not at first recognised as such. Smallpox is so rare nowadays that the doctor in charge of the first case had never seen a smallpox case before, and mistook it for something else. Many doctors are eagerly seizing the present opportunity to study the disease.

The rarer a disease is, naturally the deeper is the scientific interest the medical man takes when a case crops up. Some rare diseases, indeed, are of such absorbing interest to medical men that instead of the patient paying the doctor the doctor pays the patient.

This happens chiefly in hospitals. There is a patient in a London hospital now who receives a steady income of thirty shillings a week for consenting to stay there. His disease is ankylostomasis, or miner's anæmia, and it is hardly ever found except in Egypt, India, or tropical America. Though he is not in pain, and could safely leave the hospital, one of the visiting specialists pays him the above salary to stay for the benefit of the students attached to the hospital, who would otherwise never have an opportunity of studying this rare disease.

PAID A SALARY FOR NINE YEARS.

A case that every medical man has heard of is the famous "St. Martin's case." Some years ago a young Canadian army man received a bullet wound in the stomach. When the wound healed it was in such a way that the action of the juices in the stomach could be plainly observed through the hole.

Present-day knowledge of the action of the gastric juices dates from that case. The professor at McGill University, who took him in charge, lectured on him daily. A favourite experiment was to set different dishes before the man and watch how merely the anticipation of food set the juices flowing vigorously or slowly, according as the different dishes appealed to the patient's tastes. For nine years this patient received a regular salary from the professor.

Another well-known Canadian case was that of a French jockey with glanders, a disease common enough among horses, but very rare indeed among men. No such case had ever been seen in Canada before. The man had had glanders in France, and almost forgotten the fact. He was being examined in a Montreal hospital for something quite different when the delighted doctor discovered these cases. And those meant a living wage for their lucky owner.

Every big London hospital knows of similar cases. If a small local hospital gets a particularly interesting patient, some local practitioner is sure to inform the London hospitals whose wards he walked as a student. The influence of the big visiting specialists carries the day, and if the patient be moved, he is moved, to be lectured on daily to a crowd of interested students. The man may be free from pain and able to leave, but a premise of a pounder or thirty shillings a week usually persuades him to stay.

WON'T BE OPERATED ON.

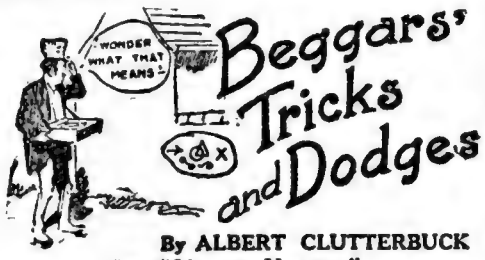
There are hospital patients who have been in hospital for years, though as far as their health is concerned they might have left at the end of a week or a month.

Even when he leaves the hospital, though, the man with the freak disease makes money, as he is often persuaded to turn up (at five shillings a time) twice or thrice a week, to act as the central figure at a clinic, or lecture. And the specialist he interests most deeply always keeps an eye on him. At the meetings of medical societies each member has ten minutes in which to show his most interesting case. The case usually benefits by a half-a-sovereign, plus his expenses.

There is one man known in every hospital in London. He has a peculiar swelling, which should long ago, for his health, have been operated on. But he finds it pays better to only have it tapped now and then, and times the tapping so that the swelling is at its worst when an examination for students is at hand.

Common diseases like bronchitis and pneumonia are of no special interest to the medical faculty. But certain forms of leprosy and cancer, as well as creeping paralysis and other diseases almost unknown in England, such as typhus and blackwater fever, have distinctly their compensations.

—And that his insurance policy had lapsed. How would you break this news gently?



Beggars' Tricks and Dodges

By ALBERT CLUTTERBUCK
The "Literary Vagrant."

(Recently at Marylebone Police Court a young man named Albert Clutterbuck was convicted of vagrancy, and sentenced to a short term of imprisonment. A document entitled "The Life of a Beggar" was found upon him when he was arrested. Parts of this story the magistrate, Mr. Paul Taylor, described as "most interesting."

The following is the story.)

THE favourite beats of the Notting Dale beggars are along Kensington High Street between Knightsbridge and Kensington Town Hall, and the Bayswater Road from the Marble Arch to Notting Hill Gate. These are called the "silver stretches," because in the afternoon, when the ladies are out shopping, the beggar is more likely to receive silver than copper in response to his appeals for alms.

Occasionally he will get gold, but this is rarely given outright. More often the charitable lady, touched by the beggar's pitiful story of a sick wife and starving children, will decide to go and see for herself.

This is the beggar's chance. He is not in the least put out by the knowledge that he has neither chick nor child, has never been married, and has no home of his own nor ever did have.

HIRES CHILDREN TO CALL HIM "DADDY."

On the contrary, having first ascertained from the lady what time she is likely to call, he hurries gleefully back to the Dale, where he soon picks up a woman of a not too robust appearance willing to act the part of an invalid wife. Her he instals in one of the many furnished rooms that are here let by the day, together with a couple of hired children, who are quickly taught to simulate hunger and to call him "daddy."

The picture is then complete, and the charitable lady, when she drives up in her carriage or her motor-car, is "spun such a coffer" (told so pitiful a tale) that she can rarely refrain from parting with a sovereign, perhaps two.

Blessings are poured upon her head as she leaves, but no sooner is she out of sight than beer is sent for, gallons of it, the Dalers from all round flock in, fried fish and potatoes, saveloys, "faggots," cold meat, and other dainties, are quickly procured, and a "beano" (feast and sing-song) is started that lasts till midnight, and frequently ends in a free fight amongst the drunken revellers.

One common mistake I should like to correct. Beggars do not mark houses at which they have successfully begged money or food, so that other beggars may go there and do likewise. Why should they? To do so would simply mean that they were—to use a beggar's favourite phrase—"quecring their own pitch."

FOOD IS NOT THROWN AWAY.

No, beggars are not such fools. One beggar may exchange confidences with another beggar, telling him of a "good house" in exchange for a similar favour on his part. But this is a very different thing from marking the house of a charitably disposed person in such a manner that any strange beggar who may happen to pass that way would know it for a safe place to beg at.

The first beggar may be coming that way himself again before long, and he does not want his chances spoiled by every Tom, Dick, and Harry begging it in front of him.

Besides, do such marks really exist? I doubt it. True, I have seen such marks set out in the pages of periodicals in articles dealing with tramps and beggars, but I never yet met with a genuine tramp who either used or recognised them, although I have inquired of hundreds.

Another mistaken notion is that beggars commonly throw away food that is given them. This does happen sometimes, I admit, but not often. If a beggar gets more food than he can eat, and does not care to carry it about with him, he may discard the least dainty portions, but he is far more likely to save them to give to some less lucky or less skilful beggar.

And no beggar worthy of the name will ever throw away meat scraps or bones. He knows too well the value of these for making the thick soup, or stew, he is so fond of, and which he calls "shackles." At nightfall, in the country districts, you will often find beggars round a small fire a little way off the road preparing their evening meal in this way with the "bits" they have begged during the day.

Sometimes even this fails. Then they have to "drum up" on "slingers." This means that they will go to some labourer's cottage and beg a canful of hot water, into which they will tip tea and sugar mixed together; they rarely bother about milk. Stale broken bread, crusts, and the like, are then put to soak in this, and a hot and satisfying, if not very nourishing, supper is the result.

In relation to this there is a story current amongst beggars which they seem never to tire of telling. It concerns a titled lady of philanthropic tendencies who visited a tramps' kitchen, where several of them were indulging in this very dish.

"MUSH FAKERS" AND "TATTERS."

"What are those men eating?" inquired her ladyship, of the deputy who was conducting her round.

"Slingers, ma'am," replied the deputy.

"And do they like slingers?" was her next question.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the man, not knowing probably what else to say.

"Then"—very pompously—"let the men have slingers for breakfast, and charge the expense to me!"

Of course, her ladyship had not the slightest idea that her kindly-meant "treat" would have consisted of nothing more appetising than stale crusts, soaked in weak, milkless tea.

I have already mentioned some of the callings beggars pursue as a "blind," or cover for their true profession, which is begging. There are, however, many others, and some of them are quite curious.

For example, there is the "Mush Faker," or umbrella mender, who fixes up your gamp for you and charges you a shilling for a pennyworth of work. Then there is the "Tatter"—not to be confounded with the "Totter" previously mentioned—who exchanges gaudy paper windmills for empty jam jars, old boots, or discarded wearing apparel. His advent in a street is a signal for an out-pouring into it of all the children not at school or in bed, and he never fails to reap a substantial harvest of odds and ends that are easily turned into money later on.

NEVER CONTENT WITH WHAT'S GIVEN HIM.

Another favourite "lay" is that of the out-of-work gardener. All the knowledge of gardening this individual ever learnt has been acquired in and around Notting Dale, or some other similar city slum, but he will, nevertheless, undertake the most delicate and complicated operations, such as budding and grafting, with so perfect and boundless an assurance as will deceive the most wary.

Like all true beggars, too, he pretends never to be content with whatever remuneration he may be offered for his services. If he is given two shillings he will demand another sixpence, and if he gets that he will go on to beg a pair of boots, an old coat, anything that can be turned into more money.

Other beggars go out in the early autumn with fly-papers, which they make themselves out of old newspapers smeared with a little cheap treacle. It has always been a mystery to me why people will buy these things, for they are both dear and messy, though they certainly do catch flies, a fact which the seller makes apparent to everybody by wearing a sample one round his hat with hundreds of dead insects sticking all over it.

A far more pleasant and profitable "lay" is lavender selling. The season for this lasts from the beginning of July to the end of September, and many beggars will carry no other "swag" during this period.

No licence is, of course, required, for lavender is nominally "perishable goods," although it remains fresh enough to be sellable for practically an indefinite period. The only drawback is that one has to tramp down to Mitcham, where it is grown, in order to replenish one's stock, that sold by the wholesale dealers in Covent Garden being too expensive.

(Next week Albert Clutterbuck tells how women beggars work.)

EDITOR: "Your story as it stands is too bald."
Author: "Then I will introduce some hair-raising incidents."

Exercise and its Relation to Health Preservation.

There is no doubt that it is the ambition of all, young and old, to preserve or regain their full measure of health.

Most people know that the human being who has no exercise does not long continue in first-rate health; it is against all the laws of nature, and has been so from the beginning.

A great difficulty, however, is that in so many cases people are unable, either from lack of means or time, to devote the attention to exercise that such a question really merits, and it is absolutely necessary for such individuals to have their exercise (if they get much at all) in what might be called a concentrated form, and at a reasonable cost. It is just in such cases—where outdoor sports are almost, if not entirely, out of the question—that a **HOME EXERCISER** is of much value, though it must be borne in mind that such an exerciser must be used in a correct manner to derive full benefits. The **WHITELY EXERCISER** has been made with the idea of supplying a reliable instrument with a reliable chart, at a price within the reach of practically everybody. With the Whitely exerciser and plan any person can go through a complete health course, exercising all the muscles, or, if desired, can pick out just those exercises suitable for their own peculiar needs.

The Whitely people also supply most reliable sporting accessories, such as Boxing Gloves, Punching Balls, Roller Skates, Footballs, etc., and all their goods can be had at

MODERATE PRICES AND BY INSTALMENTS IF DESIRED.

They have supplied and are supplying some of the largest gymnasia and health and exercise schools at home and abroad. Their goods can always be distinguished by the trade mark "Flexten," or the six-pointed "Star," one of which is on every article turned out by them, and which is a sure sign of reliability and good quality. All particulars of their Health Exercisers and Sporting Goods can be had by sending a postcard as follows:—

"Please let me have, Post Free, your Catalogue of Health, Exercise, and Sporting Appliances." Sign your name and address clearly, and send the postcard to the WHITELY EXERCISER LTD., 35-37 Southwark Bridge Road, LONDON, S.E.

A WONDERFUL POLISH.

Doubles Life of Boots.

LIBERAL SAMPLE FREE.

To double the life of your boots and shoes, send for free sample of the wonderful Boot Polish made by the great Boot Polish manufacturers, Day & Martin Ltd. It gives brilliant shine, preserves leather, keeps boots and shoes waterproof, doubles life of all footwear. May be obtained in 3d., 4d., and 6d. tins. Write for liberal free sample, postage paid, to Room 26, Day & Martin, Borough Road, London, S.E.

The Free Sample of Day & Martin's Boot Polish is a revelation in ease and brilliancy of shine not to be missed.

Analysis **proves** that

PLASMON COCOA

is **10 times more nutritious** than ordinary cocoa.—*Vide "Lancet."*

COCOA IN PERFECTION. Tins, 9d., 1/4, 2/6.

PLASMON IS USED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Five P.W. match-boxes for the best attempts, which must not exceed 150 words. Mark postcards "Gently." (See page 648)

False Economy

A Tale that Will Amuse All Housewives—and Some Husbands.

By F. MORTON HOWARD.

"Extravagance," remarked Mr. James Wixen, adapting a well-known maxim to the needs of the occasion, "is the root of all evil."

He gazed gloomily as he spoke at the unwonted Sabbath splendour of his wife's appearance. She was attired in a new dress, and her bearing betrayed it.

"One new best dress in seven years," she exclaimed, "ain't exactly extravagance!"

"What is it, then?" demanded her husband, with the air of one making a point.

For a moment, Mrs. Wixen was at loss for an answer.

"It's—it's a cheap dress, anyway," she said at last.

"Nothing's cheap when you can do without it!" declared Wixen severely. "You could 'ave made your old best dress last ever so much longer, if you'd wanted to. You could 'ave put some trimmings on it; or tied it tight round your knees with a bit of ribbon and made it into a 'obble skirt. You ain't got no idea of economy.

"'Ere am I, toiling and slaving every moment of the day," he continued pathetically, "to keep the 'ome together, and you go and squander money on a new dress."

"Toiling and slaving yesterday afternoon at the football match, wasn't you?" she inquired caustically. "Working yourself to skin and bone at the music-hall last night, wasn't you?"

"A man must 'ave 'is little recreations," said Mr. Wixen loftily. "And, anyway, you've got no right to go running me into debt. 'Ow do you think I'm going to pay for that dress?"

"It's paid for!" she announced.

"I believe that," he said sceptically. "You've got lots of money to throw away on purple dresses with dinglum-danglum affairs down the front, 'aven't you? When did I last give you any money for yourself, I'd like to know?"

"So would I!" she snapped.

A shade of confusion became apparent in Mr. Wixen's manner.

"It—it ain't because I'm mean," he hastened to assert. "It's because you—you 'aven't deserved any. So p'raps you'll tell me 'ow that dress got paid for, when you 'aven't got any money? I s'pose it was a birthday-present from the fairies," he suggested cynically.

"If you want to know," she said, "I'll tell you. It wasn't a birthday-present from the fairies. It was a birthday-present from—from the housekeeping money."

"The 'ousekeeping money?" he echoed blankly. "A birthday-present?"

"You wouldn't give me any money for myself," she explained, "so I saved a little bit off the housekeeping money every week till I'd got enough for a new dress."

Mr. Wixen, in rising wrath, bounced from his chair. "'Ere 'ave I been paying you over money week after week and you've been snake-in-the-grassing with it. Every Saturday I've given you more than 'alf of my wages, and the moment my back's turned you've run out to buy purple dresses with it."

"And you never knew it!" she smiled.

"It ain't a laughing matter!" he reproached her. "My 'ard-earned money ain't to be wasted. It's to be spent on necessities."

"Like football and music-halls?" she asked.

She waited for a reply, but none was forthcoming—unless a glance of great distaste at the new dress could be taken as some sort of an answer. Then, after a little cough which was an absolute crow of victory, she departed serenely to church.

Mr. Wixen read his paper through with an entire lack of concentration, for ever his thoughts recurred to his wife's subterfuge in obtaining the new dress.

"It won't do," he told himself gloomily. "Next thing, she'll be saving up for a complete trousoo. Wonder what I'd better do?"

He sat pondering over the question. And presently there came to his mind a simple course of procedure which not alone prevented his spouse from taking further illicit commissions from the housekeeping money, but also opened up to him a dazzling avenue whereby he might enjoy still more freely the pleasures which most appealed to him.

The prospect delighted him so much that he found it very difficult to be sufficiently stern when at last his wife returned from church. However, with an effort, he composed his features to abnormal gravity, and turned to Mrs. Wixen.

"I 'ave made up my mind what to do in this case," he announced boldly.

"What case?" she inquired in surprise.

"About this new dress," he said.

"Oh, that's all settled and done with!" she replied brightly. "We'll forgive and forget. Say you're sorry for calling me names, and we'll say no more about it."

"Oh, yes, we will!" he retorted, recovering from the shock of her words. "I've been thinking this matter over, and it's a very serious thing. If you can save money for dresses out of the 'ousekeeping money it's a sure thing that I'm allowing you too much a week for it. So, after this week, I'm always going to give you three bob a week less. See?"

"Three shillings a week less?" shrilled Mrs. Wixen. "Why, it can't be done! And, anyway, I never managed to save more than ninepence a week towards my dress."

"If you're so clever that you can save ninepence without me noticing it," he replied, "you can save three bob *with* me noticing it."

"It can't be done!" said Mrs. Wixen again.

"It's got to be done!" he stated firmly.

With an air of finality he picked up his paper and recommenced to read.

Thus closed the first engagement in a memorable campaign which lasted a week.

In vain during the next few days did Mrs. Wixen skirmish round the subject of false economy. In vain did she make unexpected sallies, and endeavour to ambush her husband. Securely entrenched behind the position he had taken up, he refused to make concessions, or, indeed, to discuss terms of any sort.

And when Saturday at length came round, he firmly withstood his wife's final grand attack, though she brought into the fray every argument and taunt her ingenuity and annoyance could suggest.

Shrewdly disdaining reply, Mr. Wixen put a little pile of silver on the kitchen-table, and made a dignified exit. Mrs. Wixen, hastening to ascertain the exact sum of the coins, found that the threatened curtailment of the household budget had indeed come to pass.

"Something," said Mrs. Wixen grimly, "will have to be done. By *me*, this time."

For a while she considered a variety of schemes for retaliation.

"Work like a nigger, I do, to keep these things nice, and this is all the return I get," she soliloquised bitterly. "Calls me extravagant, does he? Why, there ain't a thing runs to waste in this house. I find a use for everything. There's nothing allowed to stand useless, except perhaps that bottle of quinine Jim had for his cold, and *that* I daresay I shall fine a use for some day——"

She paused suddenly, and stood deep in thought. Then she smiled, nodded her head, and smiled again.

"It can't do him any harm, anyway," she said. "It isn't poison."

Mr. Wixen, returning from a football match to his tea, was relieved to find his spouse in quite an affable mood.

"I've done the shopping," she said. "And it's come out quite all right. Of course I had to buy things a bit cheaper."

"Why not?" he asked genially. "Daresay one thing tastes quite as good as another, if you don't see the label on the jar. Tea ready? I've got an appointment with Bill Wragg for this evening. P'raps," he promised guardedly, "I'll take you to a show one night—some time—if I remember—and can afford it."

"Thank you, dear," she replied gratefully.

"Come to the table for tea. I've got a nice tin of salmon for you. Quite cheap it was. I knew you'd be hungry."

Mr. Wixen, nothing loth, drew up his chair and helped himself liberally to the tinned salmon.

He took a mouthful and munched it with exaggerated relish.

"There you are!" he said; "cheap it may be, but it tastes as nice as the more expensive. What's the good of wasting money on dear stuff?"

But once or twice during the meal, a look of suspicion crossed his face. Mrs. Wixen, who refrained from eating the salmon on the ground that she was not hungry, had some difficulty in disguising her entertainment.

At last Mr. Wixen went off to keep his appointment, and Mrs. Wixen, free to give play to her emotions, smiled broadly and chuckled at intervals all the evening.

"I've got a plate of corned beef for your breakfast," she told him next morning. "I've opened the tin and it looks lovely. So cheap it was, too."

"'Igh prices," said Mr. Wixen, "are a fraud and a deloosion."

He declared the first mouthful of the corned beef to be excellent, a verdict with which Mrs. Wixen agreed. But again, a minute later, that suspicious expression crossed his face.

Mrs. Wixen, eyed him furtively, and finally saw him push his plate back with a fair proportion of the food untouched.

He smoked a pipe reflectively, and at last went out for a stroll. Returning at dinner-time, he viewed with frank disfavour the remainder of the tin of corned beef which graced the table.

"It's lucky you like it," said his wife artfully. "I can't afford to give you butcher's meat now, you know."

Without enthusiasm, Mr. Wixen seated himself at the table.

"I've been having quite a chat with Mrs. Potts next door, this morning," remarked Mrs. Wixen carelessly. "Funny thing—she tells me there's been quite an epidemic of ptomaine poisoning in the neighbourhood?"

"Eh?" exclaimed the startled Mr. Wixen.

"Poisoning," repeated his wife. "From tinned food. Old Mr. What's-his-name was taken bad the other day, and he died yesterday. Mrs. Potts says the verdict'll be 'tinned salmon.' Fancy, it was a week since he'd ate it, too! Mind you, when he was eating it he said at the time it had got a funny taste. A sort of bitter taste——"

"So—so that's what it was!" faltered Mr. Wixen, aghast.

Mrs. Wixen contrived a very well simulated cry of amazement as her husband rose from the table and began to pace the room in growing agitation.

"That salmon we had yesterday—that corned beef!" he groaned.

"They were all right," she said. "You said yourself they tasted lovely!"

Mr. Wixen not knowing how to reply, merely groaned loudly.

"Jim!" she exclaimed.

"I—I tasted the salmon bitter last night," he confessed, brokenly. "And the corned beef to-day."

"Oh, why ever didn't you say so?" she wailed.

Again Mr. Wixen evaded reply by groaning. He already fancied he felt very queer.

"Can't nothing be done?" he asked desperately.

"Mrs. Potts told me that the doctor said that if old What's-his-name had only given up smoking and drinking for a week, and gone to bed early every night that last week he might have had the strength to overcome the poisoning. Why, where are you going?" she asked in surprise.

"Bed!" replied Mr. Wixen tersely, but emphatically.

* * * *

He was feeling more hopeful when he awoke next morning to dress for his work.

"I'll be 'ome quite early to-night," he said. "Oh, and—and while I think of it, I'm going to allow you that extra three bob again. Economy's economy, but taking risks is—false economy."

At the end of the week he had regained his normal cheeriness, but he made no effort to deduct the contentious three shillings. Instead, he paid his wife the full sum, and then, flushing slightly, he remarked:

"Don't you go skimping the 'ousekeeping money again on any account. Buy good stuff—see? And, if you want a few shillings for yourself now and then—well, I shall 'ave to manage it, that's all."

He left the room. Mr. Wixen, opening the cupboard, took from its recesses a half-bottle of quinine.

"I said I'd find a use for you," she remarked.

ARE YOU INSURED

against accident? If not, you should take steps to protect those dependent on you. You can insure yourself for £1,000 downwards, if killed in a railway accident, by simply signing the coupon you will find on page iii. of the red cover. It will cost you nothing whatever, and once the coupon is signed your insurance is complete.

As Mr. Martin appears to have determined to end his days as a bachelor, I think it would be well—— ☞

To Attract Wild Birds

Our Readers, who Like Birds to Flock to their Gardens, Can Obtain Some Useful Hints from this Article.

THE number of people possessing gardens, big or small, is increasing every year, as the fashion of living outside the towns spreads amongst workers in all parts of the country.

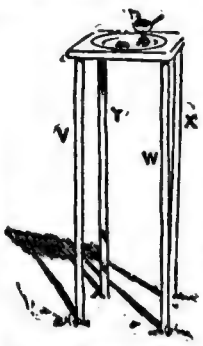
Lots of these people cannot spare a great deal of time for gardening, but well-arranged beds of flowers do not constitute the sole charm of a garden, and even the busiest person can find time to attract the birds to his home.

A birds' bath, for instance, will prove an attraction, and can be easily managed, although there

Don't build a drinking-place like this. It is very pretty, but the birds will most likely make a meal for stray cats.

is a right and wrong way of doing it. Some people sink a tin basin in the hollow of a tree stump, as shown in the first drawing; but, although this is a pretty idea, it should not be adopted, as it places the birds at the mercy of the stray cat, which can readily climb up the stump of a tree and capture the bird with a sweep of its paw.

The second picture shows a very simple birds' bath and drinking-place, which can be made with but little trouble. Take a wooden board and cut out a round hole in the middle. Nail the board to four stakes (V, W, X, Y) about six feet long, which are hammered firmly into the ground to support the board as shown in the sketch. Then place a shallow tin basin in the hole, which must, of course, be small enough to support the rim of the basin. Put one or two stones in the basin, and pour in some water, but do not entirely cover the stones.



A neat and simple drinking-place put together with five pieces of wood and a basin. Notice the stones in the water for the birds to perch upon.

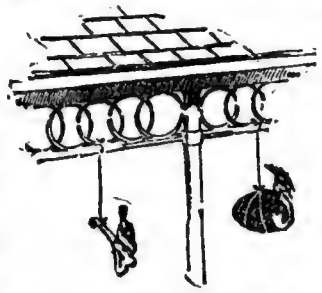
You will find that the birds like to perch upon these stones for washing and drinking purposes, and they will be much more at ease than they would be if you filled the basin so that they could only stand round its edge.

Even more popular with your feathered friends will be the birds' feeding board, which is even more easily made than the bath just described. Hammer a stake into the turf, and nail a board to the top of it, as shown in the third illustration. The food is placed upon this board, and the birds will quickly discover its whereabouts.

It is a good plan to place this board within sight of your dining-room window, if possible. You can then lay out the food during your own meal times and watch the birds enjoying themselves without moving from your dinner-table.

Few garden birds are prettier than those belonging to the tit family, and these dainty little fellows are extremely fond of picking bones. Take a chop or cutlet bone after your meal, and tie it up on the end of a bit of string to a veranda, or, if you like, to a nail fixed in the stake of the feeding-board. The tits will pick a bone like this quite clean, and to watch them poised upside down, like acrobats, pecking at the bone, will afford great pleasure to bird lovers.

The birds' feeding-board will be even more popular than a drinking-place.

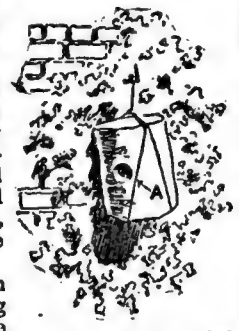


A cocoanut, with a hole in one end, or a partly picked bone, will prove a delight to tits.

A cocoanut, with one end cut off, will also bring birds. It should be hung up, like the bone, and its creamy lining will soon disappear before the inroads of your garden visitors. The fourth picture shows a chop bone and cocoanut hung up in position.

It is possible sometimes to persuade birds to nest in places specially prepared for them, and the last drawing shows one of these artificial homes. Here we have an ordinary log, with a hole (A) bored in one side. The log is hung on a wall, probably near your bedroom window, and is surrounded by creepers. With a good thick poker, heated red, you can soon make the hole required.

The smallest garden may be made interesting by means of these simple devices, and the more untidy—from a gardener's point of view—it is, the better the birds will like it.



Hang a log, with a hole in it, among the creeper under your bedroom window, and birds may nest in it.

CURED THE COMPLAINT.

DOCTOR: "Good morning, Mr. Spooner. Do you wish to see me?"

Mr. Spooner: "Yes—er—please. I have called, Dr. Dosem, to ask you for the—er—hand of your daughter."

"Indeed. How are you? Appetite all right?"

"No; I'm afraid not."

"How is your pulse?"

"Very rapid when I am near your daughter."

"Ah! Heart trouble you?"

"Yes, very much."

"I understand. You are in love, young man. Take my daughter—that'll cure you! One guinea, please!"

FREE SEATS FOR THE CORONATION

Are in themselves very attractive, but probably they won't be much use to you if you have to pay all your expenses to London and back. But we shall not only give you a free seat, but will pay for your return railway fare and food! More particulars later.

EVERY PRECAUTION TAKEN.

"SHAVING 1s.—Special," read the notice, and Jones went in for a special shilling shave.

"This towel," said the assistant who waited on him, "has been thoroughly sterilised."

"Good!" said Jones.

"This soap we are using has been debacterialised, and this brush and comb are antisepticised."

"Excellent!" said Jones.

"The chair in which you are sitting is daily bathed with bi-chloride of mercury. Its cushions are also baked in an oven heated to 987 degrees. We take every precaution."

"Splendid!" said Jones.

"The razor and lather-brush are boiled before being used."

"Superb!" said Jones.

"The hot water we use is always doubly heated, so there is no possibility of germs remaining in it."

"Fine!" said Jones.

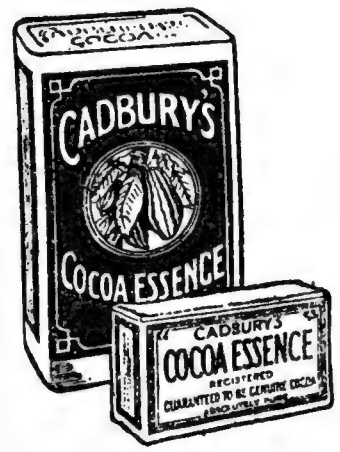
"This room itself is daily disinfected, washed, heated, and specially treated."

"Ripping idea!" said Jones. "But, start away. Why don't you shave me? Are you afraid I'm not germ-proof enough yet? Where's the barber?"

"They are boiling him, sir."

Doctors agree that an absolutely pure cocoa contains practically the same proportion of flesh-forming elements as the finest dried milk.

Cadbury's Cocoa is absolutely pure.



7½d. per ¼lb. tin

Cadbury

—To let the poor gentleman see how nice it is to be proposed to. I want readers, therefore, to write him a love letter.

Quips and Jestlets

A SCREAMING JOKE.

"How do, Baker?" exclaimed Tomson; "you're just the man I want to see. I've got a screaming story to tell you—it'll make you roar!

"Know the sign outside Smith's house? (Seen him lately, he was at the club last night?)—well, Jenkens' sister (Ripping girl, do you know her? Rather tall? No? I must introduce you.)—she was coming down the road, when (Got a match, old man, my pipe's gone out?) she got just opposite the sign, and (By Jove, that's a pretty girl over the road! Do you know her?)—got opposite the sign (By the way, Bury was asking after you, says you promised to look him up.)—and a big gust of wind came along, just as Smith (Lucky beggar, he always seems to get in at the right moment!)—and he—— Hallo! Here's my 'bus! So long, old man. Tell you the story another time. It's a corker! You'll roar!"

"THESE tunnels, John," said the bride on her honeymoon, "must be very expensive to build."

"Rather!" replied her husband. "That last one cost over £50,000, but it's worth every penny of it!"

"REALLY, madam," said the honest shopkeeper, "I cannot advise you to take that gown. It doesn't match your complexion."

"What of that?" replied the fashionable lady. "I can easily change the complexion."

BY INSTALMENTS.

IT was night-time.

Rat-tat-tat! Rat-tat-tat! went the knocker of the cycle-maker's door.

"What's the trouble? What is the trouble?" growled the cycle-maker, putting a sleepy head out of the window.

"You lent out a machine this evening to Billy Button?" answered a childish voice.

"Yes, I did," said the cycle-maker. "And I ain't going to take it in now. He'll have to wait till to-morrow morning, and pay hire for it by the hour."

"Please, sir, the bike ain't here," came back the childish voice. "Billy had a collision with a motor-car and fell into a ditch, so I've brought the bicycle-pump back. That's all we've found up to the present, but Billy don't want to pay hire on more than he can help!"

"I'M surprised, Jimmy, to learn that you play with bad little boys!"

"Yes, sir."

"Why do you do it? Why don't you play with good little boys?"

"Their mothers won't let me, sir."

Magistrate: "You are accused of stealing twenty reams of foolscap and a gallon of ink. Have you any defence?"

Prisoner: "Yes, my lord. I am a novelist. I was simply collecting material for a new story."

THIRTEEN WAS UNLUCKY.

BOOM! The church clock was striking the hour of midnight.

In the dining-room of No. 13 sat a girl and her lover. "I must be going, dear!" said the young man.

"No, not yet!" pleaded the girl. "Pa is asleep, above. I hear him snoring. What were we talking about?"

"We were discussing superstitions, pet. I was saying how silly it is to believe in them. Think, I met you on a Friday, and this is No. 13. Absurd, aren't they?"

Above, her father awoke with a start. "Is that young man still there?" he muttered grimly. "This is the third night he's woken me up. I'll teach him!"

"Yes, lovely ducky! Thirteen and Friday unlucky. The idea is ridiculous—— What's that?"

"It's father!" screamed the girl. "Father and Towser! Fly for your life!"

In haste the young man flew to the door. Too late! Too late! Towser had seized him!

"Now, young man," growled the father. "Perhaps next time you won't be so quick in saying thirteen and Friday are not unlucky!"

Boom! The church clock had struck one.

SCISSORS WANTED.

IT happened out in the wild, wild West. A man entered a barber's and asked for a hair cut.

"Yes, sir. Won't keep you long, sit down a minute," said the barber.

The stranger took a seat, and waited patiently whilst many weary minutes passed away. "How much longer are you going to keep me waiting?" he said at last.

"I'm waiting for my boy," replied the barber. "Ah, here he is! Jimmy, run across to the offices of the MANVILLE COURIER and tell the editor that if he's finished editing I should like my scissors. I've got to cut this gentleman's hair."

"I WISH I know what really is the matter with me!"

"Why don't you go to see a doctor?"

"That's just the trouble. I've been to see six, and they all told me different."

Banks: "Ah, Hanks! Just the man I wanted to see. You've known me for ten years, haven't you?"

Hanks: "Yes."

Banks: "Good man! Now, could you lend me five pounds?"

Hanks: "Sorry, I can't."

Banks: "Why not?"

Hanks: "Because I've known you for ten years!"

OVERHEARD IN THE STREET.

First Middle-aged Lady: "Good-bye!"

Second Middle-aged Lady: "Good-bye!"

"Don't forget to call again soon."

"I won't! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

"Be sure you come soon to see us."

"Yes, I will. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

"Kiss the baby for me."

"Ah, bless the darling! He's got a new tooth."

"Yes, isn't it a beauty? Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

"Give my love to Sarah."

"All right, good-bye!"

"And tell Henry to call and see me some time."

"I will. Good-bye."

"Good-bye!"

"How's cousin Mabel?"

"She's very well. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

TICKLERS FOR TRAVELLERS.

"EXCUSE me," said the funny man in the railway-carriage, "but why did Peterboro'?"

"To Bury St. Edmund's," replied his fellow-passenger.

The funny man laughed long and loud, until he awoke the gentleman in the green tie, who inquired:

"Whom did Hampton Court? Does anyone know?"

"Possibly Mayfair," suggested the funny man.

"Why was Barking barking, then?" asked the stout passenger.

"Because he heard Herne Bay!" said the funny man."

"Why was Chipping Norton chipping Norton?"

"Because Rottingdean was rotting Dean."

"How much was Portland's bill?" inquired the gentleman in the green necktie.

"Oh, Axbridge!" replied the stout gentleman. Then the train ran off the lines.

"I AM not fond of the stage, Millicent," said Percy. "But I hear your father's voice outside, so I think I'd better go before the foot lights."

Magistrate: "How did you manage to extract the man's watch from his pocket, when it was provided with a safety catch?"

Prisoner: "Excuse me, sir, that is a professional secret. I am willing to teach you, however, for two guineas."

A TERRIBLE STRIKE.

"ATTENTION, my friend," cried the haggard man, rushing up to Bronson. "A terrible time is in store for England."

"What is it?" asked Bronson, paling before the intensity of the other's excitement.

"A terrible strike! A terrible strike!" cried the haggard one.

"When will it take place?"

"To-night, my friend, to-night. Millions of hands will be involved!"

"Never!"

"Yes, it is true—true, my friend. To-night at twelve o'clock, millions of clock-hands will point to the hour, and it will strike twelve!"

Then the hands of the exasperated Bronson struck the haggard one many times.

"I NOTICED your wife acting very strangely in the dining-room, so I thought I'd come across to see if she is ill."

"Oh, no! She's all right. She's just going through the motions described in a lady's paper to make her beautiful."

Brown: "Why on earth do you offer such a large reward for the return of that horrid, yapping, snapping dog of yours?"

Jones: "To please my wife."

Brown: "But such a large reward will be sure to bring him back."

Jones: "No, it won't. He's dead. I drowned him myself."

A PAINFUL JOB.

HE was a Londoner, born and bred, but somehow he never seemed to take to office life, and, when he was eighteen years old, he ran away to the country to become a farmer's boy.

He got a job at eight shillings a week, and set to work at once to prove that town people are just as much at home in the country as yokels are.

"Clean out the place!" ordered the farmer who engaged him. "Cattle shed first, then pigsty, then stables. Let's have everything perfectly clean."

About the middle of the afternoon an awful noise was heard, and a terrified Londoner came bursting into the house.

His face was red and swollen. His hands were discoloured, and he looked terribly.

"'Ere, guv'nor!" he gasped. "Give me my money for ter day's work. I'm going straight back to London!"

"Why, what's the matter? What's wrong?" cried the astonished farmer.

"I don't know!" replied the boy. "But it all happened when I started to clean out the bee-hive!"

POOR FELLOW!

Absent-minded Old Gent (just about to leave the train): "There, there, how very silly. Some idiot has left his hat behind."

The letter is supposed to be written by a beautiful and talented maiden of twenty-five. Both sexes may enter.

Sergeant Parry's Thrilling Deed of Heroism at a Swansea Fire.

PERHAPS the most frequent danger which the constable on his lonely night beat is called upon to face is that of death by fire.

This is because the worst outbreaks in private dwellings frequently occur in the very early hours of the morning. The fire has been smouldering, perhaps, from the previous evening, to blaze into sudden fury while the inmates of the house are sound asleep.

Usually in such circumstances it is the policeman nearest the spot who is the first upon the scene, and his duty is plain. He must enter, or at least try to enter, the burning building, and get out the occupants at all hazards.

The danger of such a proceeding is obvious. The firemen, when they arrive, are properly equipped with life-saving appliances, they have ladders and axes, and they have the advantage of numbers. The solitary policeman has to rely upon his own resources, and he must act quickly if at all.

Literally scores of policemen have been burned to death doing their duty in this way. There was, for instance, the case of P.C. George Stephen Funnel, who perished in the flames which destroyed a large public-house in the Wick Road, Hackney, on December 22nd, 1899, after he had successfully rescued from certain death three of the occupants.

FLUNG TO SAFETY DOWN THE STAIRS.

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The fire was further rendered memorable for the bravery of a nurse-girl named Nellie O'Keefe. At the beginning of the outbreak this young woman was seen at a window and was urged by a person in the street to seek her own safety.

"Not me!" she cried. "My mistress's child is asleep inside the back room; I must save her." So saying, she waved her hand to the small knot of spectators that had collected, and disappeared within.

Seconds lengthened into minutes, but she did not reappear. The people in the crowd lost their heads, and could do nothing, apparently, but run aimlessly to and fro, wringing their hands, and crying out.

At this juncture Sergeant Parry came running up, and on hearing what the girl had done he cried out, "She's too brave a lass to die. I am going to try and save her."

The gallant constable thereupon ran inside the building on the ground floor, hoping to reach the upper storey, where the girl was, by the staircase. But he found this in flames. The whole of the shop and lower rooms, too, had been converted into a raging furnace, and he was himself nearly overcome by the fumes from the burning chemicals.

Staggering out into the street, the fresh air soon revived him, and he ran swiftly to a neighbouring builder's yard, fetched a ladder, and raised it towards the window at which the girl was last seen. It was, however, too short, and, besides, the projecting roof of an outhouse, he found, would have in any case prevented it from being placed in position.

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Up the ladder he raced, but just as he reached the top it slipped and fell with him on to the roof, some ten feet below. He was badly bruised and shaken, but he did not hesitate an instant. Quickly raising himself, he once more placed the ladder in position, and this time he successfully mounted it, and reached the window.

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He called the girl loudly by name, but there was no answer, so he vaulted inside the room. Here he found the smoke so dense that it was impossible to see anything. The floor was smouldering, and it was evident that the flames might break through at any moment.

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By this time an immense crowd had gathered, blocking the whole street and its approaches, and the roar of cheering that went up when it was seen that all three were safe was heard all over Swansea, and even startled from their sleep the sailors on the anchored ships in the harbour.

It is satisfactory to be able to add that the gallant policeman, although badly scorched, and suffering greatly from shock and from poisoning from the fumes of the burning chemicals, eventually made a complete recovery.

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SPRATTS

Quips and Jestlets

A SCREAMING JOKE.

"How do, Baker?" exclaimed Tomson; "you're just the man I want to see. I've got a screaming story to tell you—it'll make you roar!

"Know the sign outside Smith's house? (Seen him lately, he was at the club last night?)—well, Jenkens' sister (Ripping girl, do you know her? Rather tall? No? I must introduce you.)—she was coming down the road, when (Got a match, old man, my pipe's gone out?) she got just opposite the sign, and (By Jove, that's a pretty girl over the road! Do you know her?)—got opposite the sign (By the way, Bury was asking after you, says you promised to look him up.)—and a big gust of wind came along, just as Smith (Lucky beggar, he always seems to get in at the right moment!)—and he—— Hallo! Here's my 'bus! So long, old man. Tell you the story another time. It's a corker! You'll roar!"

"THESE tunnels, John," said the bride on her honeymoon, "must be very expensive to build."

"Rather!" replied her husband. "That last one cost over £50,000, but it's worth every penny of it!"

"REALLY, madam," said the honest shopkeeper, "I cannot advise you to take that gown. It doesn't match your complexion."

"What of that?" replied the fashionable lady. "I can easily change the complexion."

BY INSTALMENTS.

IT was night-time.

Rat-tat-tat! Rat-tat-tat! went the knocker of the cycle-maker's door.

"What's the trouble? What is the trouble?" growled the cycle-maker, putting a sleepy head out of the window.

"You lent out a machine this evening to Billy Button?" answered a childish voice.

"Yes, I did," said the cycle-maker. "And I ain't going to take it in now. He'll have to wait till to-morrow morning, and pay hire for it by the hour."

"Please, sir, the bike ain't here," came back the childish voice. "Billy had a collision with a motor-car and fell into a ditch, so I've brought the bicycle-pump back. That's all we've found up to the present, but Billy don't want to pay hire on more than he can help!"

"I'M surprised, Jimmy, to learn that you play with bad little boys!"

"Yes, sir."

"Why do you do it? Why don't you play with good little boys?"

"Their mothers won't let me, sir."

Magistrate: "You are accused of stealing twenty reams of foolscap and a gallon of ink. Have you any defence?"

Prisoner: "Yes, my lord. I am a novelist. I was simply collecting material for a new story."

THIRTEEN WAS UNLUCKY.

BOOM! The church clock was striking the hour of midnight.

In the dining-room of No. 13 sat a girl and her lover. "I must be going, dear!" said the young man.

"No, not yet!" pleaded the girl. "Pa is asleep, above. I hear him snoring. What were we talking about?"

"We were discussing superstitions, pet. I was saying how silly it is to believe in them. Think, I met you on a Friday, and this is No. 13. Absurd, aren't they?"

Above, her father awoke with a start. "Is that young man still there?" he muttered grimly. "This is the third night he's woken me up. I'll teach him!"

"Yes, lovely ducky! Thirteen and Friday unlucky. The idea is ridiculous—— What's that?"

"It's father!" screamed the girl. "Father and Towser! Fly for your life!"

In haste the young man flew to the door. Too late! Too late! Towser had seized him!

"Now, young man," growled the father. "Perhaps next time you won't be so quick in saying thirteen and Friday are not unlucky!"

Boom! The church clock had struck one.

SCISSORS WANTED.

IT happened out in the wild, wild West. A man entered a barber's and asked for a hair cut.

"Yes, sir. Won't keep you long, sit down a minute," said the barber.

The stranger took a seat, and waited patiently whilst many weary minutes passed away. "How much longer are you going to keep me waiting?" he said at last.

"I'm waiting for my boy," replied the barber. "Ah, here he is! Jimmy, run across to the offices of the MANVILLE COURIER and tell the editor that if he's finished editing I should like my scissors. I've got to cut this gentleman's hair."

"I WISH I know what really is the matter with me!"

"Why don't you go to see a doctor?"

"That's just the trouble. I've been to see six, and they all told me different."

Banks: "Ah, Hanks! Just the man I wanted to see. You've known me for ten years, haven't you?"

Hanks: "Yes."

Banks: "Good man! Now, could you lend me five pounds?"

Hanks: "Sorry, I can't."

Banks: "Why not?"

Hanks: "Because I've known you for ten years!"

OVERHEARD IN THE STREET.

First Middle-aged Lady: "Good-bye!"

Second Middle-aged Lady: "Good-bye!"

"Don't forget to call again soon."

"I won't! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

"Be sure you come soon to see us."

"Yes, I will. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

"Kiss the baby for me."

"Ah, bless the darling! He's got a new tooth."

"Yes, isn't it a beauty? Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

"Give my love to Sarah."

"All right, good-bye!"

"And tell Henry to call and see me some time."

"I will. Good-bye."

"Good-bye!"

"How's cousin Mabel?"

"She's very well. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

TICKLERS FOR TRAVELLERS.

"EXCUSE me," said the funny man in the railway-carriage, "but why did Peterboro'?"

"To Bury St. Edmund's," replied his fellow-passenger.

The funny man laughed long and loud, until he awoke the gentleman in the green tie, who inquired:

"Whom did Hampton Court? Does anyone know?"

"Possibly Mayfair," suggested the funny man.

"Why was Barking barking, then?" asked the stout passenger.

"Because he heard Herne Bay!" said the funny man."

"Why was Chipping Norton chipping Norton?"

"Because Rottingdean was rotting Deal."

"How much was Portland's bill?" inquired the gentleman in the green necktie.

"Oh, Axbridge!" replied the stout gentleman. Then the train ran off the lines.

"I AM not fond of the stage, Millicent," said Percy. "But I hear your father's voice outside, so I think I'd better go before the foot lights."

Magistrate: "How did you manage to extract the man's watch from his pocket, when it was provided with a safety catch?"

Prisoner: "Excuse me, sir, that is a professional secret. I am willing to teach you, however, for two guineas."

A TERRIBLE STRIKE.

"ATTENTION, my friend," cried the hurried man, rushing up to Bronson. "A terrible time is in store for England."

"What is it?" asked Bronson, paling before the intensity of the other's excitement.

"A terrible strike! A terrible strike!" cried the haggard one.

"When will it take place?"

"To-night, my friend, to-night. Millions of hands will be involved!"

"Never!"

"Yes, it is true—true, my friend. To-night at twelve o'clock, millions of clock-hands will point to the hour, and it will strike twelve!"

Then the hands of the exasperated Bronson struck the haggard one many times.

"I NOTICED your wife acting very strangely in the dining-room, so I thought I'd come across to see if she is ill."

"Oh, no! She's all right. She's just going through the motions described in a lady's paper to make her beautiful."

Brown: "Why on earth do you offer such a large reward for the return of that horrid, yapping, snapping dog of yours?"

Jones: "To please my wife."

Brown: "But such a large reward will be sure to bring him back."

Jones: "No, it won't. He's dead. I drowned him myself."

A PAINFUL JOB.

HE was a Londoner, born and bred, but somehow he never seemed to take to office life, and, when he was eighteen years old, he ran away to the country to become a farmer's boy.

He got a job at eight shillings a week, and set to work at once to prove that town people are just as much at home in the country as yokels are.

"Clean out the place!" ordered the farmer who engaged him. "Cattle-shed first, then pigsty, then stables. Let's have everything perfectly clean."

About the middle of the afternoon an awful noise was heard, and a terrified Londoner came bursting into the house.

His face was red and swollen. His hands were discoloured, and he looked terribly.

"'Ere, guv'nor!" he gasped. "Give me my money for ter day's work. I'm going straight back to London!"

"Why, what's the matter? What's wrong?" cried the astonished farmer.

"I don't know!" replied the boy. "But it all happened when I started to clean out the bee-hive!"

POOR FELLOW!

Absent-minded Old Gent (just about to leave the train): "There, there, how very silly. Some idiot has left his hat behind."

The letter is supposed to be written by a beautiful and talented maiden of twenty-five. Both sexes may enter.

Sergeant Parry's Thrilling Deed of Heroism at a Swansea Fire.

PERHAPS the most frequent danger which the constable on his lonely night beat is called upon to face is that of death by fire.

This is because the worst outbreaks in private dwellings frequently occur in the very early hours of the morning. The fire has been smouldering, perhaps, from the previous evening, to blaze into sudden fury while the inmates of the house are sound asleep.

Usually in such circumstances it is the policeman nearest the spot who is the first upon the scene, and his duty is plain. He must enter, or at least try to enter, the burning building, and get out the occupants at all hazards.

The danger of such a proceeding is obvious. The firemen, when they arrive, are properly equipped with life-saving appliances, they have ladders and axes, and they have the advantage of numbers. The solitary policeman has to rely upon his own resources, and he must act quickly if at all.

Literally scores of policemen have been burned to death doing their duty in this way. There was, for instance, the case of P.C. George Stephen Funnel, who perished in the flames which destroyed a large public-house in the Wick Road, Hackney, on December 22nd, 1899, after he had successfully rescued from certain death three of the occupants.

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The fire was further rendered memorable for the bravery of a nurse-girl named Nellie O'Keefe. At the beginning of the outbreak this young woman was seen at a window and was urged by a person in the street to seek her own safety.

"Not me!" she cried. "My mistress's child is asleep inside the back room; I must save her." So saying, she waved her hand to the small knot of spectators that had collected, and disappeared within.

Seconds lengthened into minutes, but she did not reappear. The people in the crowd lost their heads, and could do nothing, apparently, but run aimlessly to and fro, wringing their hands, and crying out.

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SPRATTS

ANOTHER SPLENDID INSTALMENT THIS WEEK!

Driven from Home!

CHAPTER FIFTY-SEVEN (continued).
Cupid in the City.

BASILDON frowned. He had just talked to Mrs. Kenyon over the wire. What could she want with him again?

"You'd better say it's quite impossible——" The sound of a slight skirmish in the outer office, Phœbe's voice—and then Phœbe's presence silenced him.

She marched into the room with a frou-frou of petticoats and perfume of Bond Street.

"So sorry—you must see me, dear Mr. Basildon! Shan't keep you long—I've something very important to give you!"

She looked at him under her painted lashes, and held out a white gloved hand.

He rose instantly, and, dismissing the clerk, offered her a chair. "Delighted, of course, Mrs. Kenyon. But I thought we'd come to an understanding over the telephone?"

Phœbe settled down comfortably before replying. Basildon was reminded of a beautiful sleek Persian cat curling itself up in a chair.

But Phœbe appealed only to the senses, and Bramley Basildon was a stupid man, and his senses were well under control. Brain only appealed to him.

"What can I do for you?"

Phœbe fumbled in her gold chain bag, where a tiny handkerchief, a baby-puff, a miniature purse, and a mirror were hidden. Now she pulled out a cheque.

"Mr. Basildon, you've behaved like a perfect dear about that wretched affair of——the cheque, I mean. And I've felt so ashamed of keeping you waiting—and after our conversation to-day, I thought I'd make an effort to pay you—in full."

"I'm glad," he said quietly. "It isn't just the money, Mrs. Kenyon, but I've felt in a very awkward position. I've been condoning a criminal offence—to put it bluntly——"

"Oh, please!" Her handkerchief went up to her eyes. The delicately tinted lips quivered.

"We won't say any more about it. I understand you're going to be married shortly?"

"Who told you?" There was suspicion in her voice and face.

"I read it in this morning's newspaper."

Phœbe smiled.

"Yes—of course I shall be misunderstood, but, well, we've loved one another ever since we were tiny children, Mr. David Inglis and I. My first marriage was an awful failure, Mr. Basildon. I confess I married for money. I was tempted, blinded by the glitter of gold. . . . I've learnt my lesson. Love is the only thing that matters."

Something Peggy had said at the Savoy Hotel passed through Basildon's brain. He glanced at the clock a little impatiently.

Phœbe unfolded the cheque she had taken from her purse. "I want to start my new happy life free from all worries and cares. So I've raised the money to pay you, Mr. Basildon . . . four hundred pounds."

She drew her chair closer to his, raising her petticoats from the floor as she did so.

She laid the cheque on the bureau, and her fingers touched Basildon's. Not a quiver, not a movement, from him. Ice—adamant.

"A fool!" she told herself angrily.

"I think the amount still due is five hundred. The forged cheque was for six hundred, and you've paid a hundred to date."

She hated Basildon at that moment, but she smiled into his face, and her fingers, as if unconsciously, closed over his.

"Yes, that's true—oh, I wish you'd believe me when I tell you that I didn't realise that signing your name was actually a crime—that awful word. And I always meant to pay you back."

Basildon was mentally comparing this woman to Peggy. He tried to dismiss the latter from his mind, and failed. She had brought a breath of sweet country air into the office. She was the epitome of honesty, frankness, and beauty. Mrs. Kenyon suggested—the opposite. Still, she was a woman—weak, helpless, to be pitied a little, to be protected, to be served.

Basildon was stupid—and chivalrous.

"I will give you a receipt for four hundred pounds, Mrs. Kenyon. The balance can remain for the present. I will not worry you—pay me when you can."

She showed her white teeth between her red lips. She drew yet a little closer to him. Her eyes, the posture of her body, her warm, scented breath, were all suggestive.

"And the cheque—that terrible cheque—and the letter of explanation which I wrote you? You'll give them back to me, now?"

Even Basildon was surprised. Again he remembered something Peggy Fossall had said at the Savoy Hotel. Still, women were apt to judge one another harshly.

"I don't know whether I can do that, Mrs. Kenyon."

"You won't? Oh——" She made him look at her. There were tears swimming in her eyes. Phœbe knew the trick—with an effort she made one overflow and trickle down her cheek.

Bramley Basildon drew back. He tried to release his hand, he tried to look away. But Phœbe's trembling fingers held him, and Phœbe's pitiful eyes filled with tears. She really looked quite pathetic and quite pretty, and she was wondering all the time how she looked, hoping the tears would not spoil the powder on her cheeks, or interfere with the blue about her eyelashes! Very carefully she dabbed her cheeks with the powder-puff concealed in her handkerchief.

"The balance is only a hundred pounds, Mr. Basildon," she said softly. "I—a rich man like you cannot conceive the trouble I've taken to raise this money. You won't refuse to give me back my letter and the cheque? I feel I can't marry the man I love with this hanging over my head. In fact, it wouldn't be right nor honourable, would it?"

"He doesn't know of this?" Basildon asked.

A look of real horror crept into Phœbe's eyes. "Good heavens, no, how should he? If he were to know it would ruin everything—I mean, what would he think of me?"

Bramley Basildon wondered! Now, if Phœbe Kenyon had been of the sterner sex, his own sex, and had thus pleaded with him, the odds were that Basildon would have taken him by the scruff of the neck and kicked him down the office stairs, but because the offender, and pleader, was a woman he pitied her.

Women were never given a fair chance from the start, and generally had a poor time in life. Basildon pitied them all, and it was only instinct which made him avoid them.

But now he found his emotions swayed in two entirely different directions by two entirely different women. While he listened to Phœbe he thought of Peggy—and all Peggy had said to him about her friend Mimi Hume—and David Inglis. And he tried hard not to remember. It was no affair of his. Inglis could look after himself. He argued that this woman, Phœbe Kenyon, had been tempted, had sinned, and now, being merely human, was anxious to wipe out her sins and start afresh. He stood in her way. The hundred pounds was nothing; nevertheless, he considered even that, because it belonged to his business. He was condoning a crime; perhaps, by hiding this woman's guilt, putting fresh temptations in her way.

"Mr. Basildon, you will give me back that letter and cheque, and let me destroy them. I've known no rest or peace since that dreadful day I was tempted. I've always felt as if you had me body and soul locked up in your safe. My soul is imprisoned until you release it, won't you set me free? You are so strong, can't you forgive weakness in others?"

The great, rugged Bramley Basildon trembled. If he had been asked the two most terrible things in the world he would have replied, a woman's tears and a woman's pleading for mercy.

He hesitated a moment longer, only a moment. Those beautiful eyes overflowing with tears; those poor, red lips trembling pitifully! But even at that moment Phœbe Kenyon did not appeal to his masculine instincts; she only aroused pity in his heart. Little fool, he thought; poor, unhappy little fool!

He drew back his chair, patted her hand in a fatherly way, then rose to his feet and put his hand into his pocket and felt for his keys.

And once again a vision of Peggy Fossall rose before him. And again he hesitated. Phœbe saw the hesitation, and rising clasped his hand between hers.

"How shall I ever thank you?" she whispered. "I shall never, never forget your kindness as long as I live."

He turned away almost roughly. He remembered he had left the keys in his safe. Stooping down he unlocked it, swung open the great door, then pulled out the little drawer. He slipped his hand in and pulled out some papers.

Phœbe was watching him, lynx-eyed.

He started; they were not the papers referring to Mrs. Kenyon. He put them back and looked. Then suddenly drew the drawer right out, turned all the papers over.

The letter, and cheque, and receipts were not there. They were gone!

Perhaps in an absent-minded moment—— But Bramley Basildon was never absent-minded. There was no need to search further. He knew he had put those papers back into their drawer, closed it, and locked the safe. And then—he had been called from the room a moment.

Phœbe saw that something was wrong. "Mr. Basildon, what's happened?"

If he had not been so disturbed himself her voice would have betrayed her to him; it rasped with passionate fear. Basildon's hand hesitated over the electric bell. But he did not ring it. He knew no one had entered the room when he left Peggy Fossall in his office those few minutes.

Phœbe Kenyon was clutching at his arm, pulling at it. No suggestion of tears in her eyes now. Fear and hatred had dried them quickly and left them cold and cruel.

"Mr. Basildon, where's my letter and that dreadful cheque? . . . . Answer me quickly! You've lost them, someone has taken them—they've been stolen!"

"Stolen!" He echoed the word sharply.

Who could have stolen them?

Peggy's farewell words echoed in his ears.

Phœbe was staring into his face, reading his thoughts. "That woman has been here, that Fossall girl," she hissed, passion casting prudence to the winds. "I might have guessed it; she has come here, and she's fooled you—rifled your safe, stolen your papers!"

"Mrs. Kenyon!"

"Can you deny it?" she cried wildly. "She threatened me herself—and not an hour ago, when I telephoned to you, I guessed she was in the office—that's why I came. Oh, fancy you, Bramley Basildon, being made a fool of by a chit of a child like that, with her mincing airs and graces. She's stolen my papers, she's a thief!"

Bramley Basildon held up his hand and looked quietly at Phœbe Kenyon out of his brown eyes. They were calm and very stern now.

"Silence, Mrs. Kenyon. You don't know what you're saying. Please to remember that the papers belong to me."

Hell was raging in Phœbe Kenyon's heart, rage throttled her for a moment. Her fingers were tearing at the air, her breath came with a hissing sound between her lips.

"She's made a fool of you—she's stolen them, you can't deny it. I know why she's done it! You'll get them back from her—you'll prosecute? Ring up Scotland Yard now——"

"Silence, Mrs. Kenyon," he said again quietly. "You don't know what you're saying. Sit down, please."

"But——"

Basildon's calmness disconcerted her. Perhaps she had made a mistake. Her hand went up to her throat—

"That cheque does belong to me now—you promised to give it to me. You've got my cheque for four hundred pounds in exchange. You won't go back on your word, Mr. Basildon?"

He touched the electric bell on his bureau. "I made no promise. I was just going to look at the forged cheque and receipts and verify the amount before accepting your I.O.U. for the balance due, which, I think, is one hundred pounds. I am sorry, Mrs. Kenyon, but I can't part with the original cheque until the whole amount has been paid."

A clerk entered the room. Basildon looked at him. "Ask Mr. Edwards to glance through the papers in

JUST TO GUIDE YOU.

IT will be remembered that Mimi, believing she may have wronged David, comes from Hallard's Cross to London to see him.

David's faithful little landlady, Mrs. Wex, admits Mimi and tells her that David will not be a minute.

He is really at Phœbe's, but in answer to Mrs. Wex's telephone call that Mimi wants him, David leaves the widow, despite her frantic efforts to keep him back, and hurries home.

A tearful explanation from Mimi, the truth from David, and the two are reconciled.

That same night David learns that Rupert Lang has a secret wife. Her name is Lily Grove, and she has been poisoned, possibly by Rupert or by Madame Frayle, the blackmailer.

The following day David goes down to Hallard's Cross to the Humes'. The vicar has had a stroke, and to satisfy him, Mimi and Lang have gone through a mock marriage ceremony.

And in London, impulsive little Peggy Fossall has made Bramley Basildon, stockbroker, her devoted slave. She goes to Basildon's office, and, by a trick, discovers that Phœbe Kenyon has forged Basildon's signature to a cheque made out to Crushington. Peggy has scarcely left the office when Phœbe is announced.

In the English language the letter "u" is probably the least used of the five vowels.

his safe and see if he can find a sealed envelope marked '*Baal Land Estate; Durward Kenyon, Esquire, and Mrs. Kenyon.*' If he's busy there's no hurry, you can bring it in a couple of hours' time."

"No hurry!" The words slipped from Phœbe's mouth before the door shut.

Bramley Basildon sat down before his bureau and commenced to write. Fixing a penny stamp to a sheet of paper he signed his name across it, and handed it to Mrs. Kenyon.

"There's your receipt. I'll write you to-night as to amount of the balance remaining. I think a hundred pounds is right." He rose and held out his hand. "I'm afraid I'm very busy; good afternoon, Mrs. Kenyon."

She stepped back, amazement, rage, and disappointment on her face. "You don't mean to give me back the—the forged cheque together with my letter?"

"Not until the whole amount has been paid."

"You haven't got it," she cried. "You can't fool me. You had it, and that woman, Peggy Fossall, has stolen it. Yes, I repeat, she has stolen it!"

"Mrs. Kenyon, you're making a very serious accusation against one of my clients."

"One of your clients! A pretty sort of client, penniless Peggy Fossall. If she hasn't stolen that cheque, where is it? Show it to me. I demand to see it!"

Again Bramley Basildon's finger touched the electric bell by his side. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Kenyon!"

Phœbe backed away from the door to the far end of the room. "I'm not going," she cried desperately, "until you've shown me that cheque and letter! If you refuse, if you can't, I shall ring up the police and accuse Miss Fossall of theft."

Basildon stood with folded arms looking at Phœbe Kenyon. And he summed up the two women. Peggy Fossall a thief—perhaps! But before he could accuse her she had a right to explain. Phœbe Kenyon a forger; of that he had ample proof. Not only a forger, but he realised at last that there was blackmail in her heart, and moral theft also.

Stepping back from the bureau he made a gesture with his hand:

"You will ring up the police, Mrs. Kenyon? My telephone is at your service."

CHAPTER FIFTY-EIGHT.

Mimi's Weapon.

JOHN HUME sat propped up in an armchair in his bedroom. The windows were flung wide open, and he could see his church brokenly through the trees. Mimi had gathered the flowers that gave a touch of colour and brightness to the sombre room. Another touch of brightness, human brightness, was furnished by a spotless, uniformed nurse with a fresh complexion and the neatest of figures. Her whole manner suggested efficiency.

"I don't doubt your devotion," the doctor had said to Mimi, "and your willingness; but trained skill and experience are essential."

John Hume, the spiritual autocrat and little pope of Hallard's Cross, who had inspired his flock with fear rather than love, could only speak very indistinctly now and walk with assistance. It was very doubtful if he would ever ascend the pulpit steps again. There was much pathetic tragedy in the look of his eyes bent fixedly on the church visible through the trees.

He turned his head slightly and with great effort as Mimi came quietly into the room. For a moment her eyes blurred badly with tears, but they cleared as she made her effort, and forced a smile to her lips. The courage in her was being proven now.

With professional diplomacy the nurse slipped quietly from the room, leaving father and daughter alone. Mimi took her father's hand—the other one was powerless.

"Have you heard from Rupert?" he asked thickly. His tongue seemed too big for his mouth.

"No!" she answered quietly, without emotion in her voice, but averting her eyes to hide their expression of detestation and fear from him.

"I'm afraid that means that his father must be seriously ill, Mimi. I want you to telegraph for news."

The vicar's eyes were again fixed on his church.

"God has been merciful to me, his unworthy servant," he went on, in the same indistinct and laboured tones. "He has spared me—though we are but as grass, green at morn, cut down at even!"

Mimi knew what was passing through his mind.

John Hume set his priestly authority above the law of the land. He had always denied the right of the law to sever by divorce man and woman whom priest had bound together in holy matrimony, and he looked on Mimi as Rupert Lang's wife in God's sight, united to him by that nightmarish mockery of a ceremony performed by himself when he believed death to be upon him.

But John Hume was a father as well as a priest. They were man and wife in God's sight, yet it would be still possible to deny the marriage. It was not actually legal. So the priest who regarded himself as above the law was most anxious to comply with the letter of the law for his daughter's sake.

God had spared him, and yonder in his church the ceremony should be repeated, as soon as possible, with all due observance of the law's requirements, and then, and not till then, let them cleave together as husband and wife, even as it was ordained.

Mimi knew what was passing through his mind. She restrained a shudder. Her father, stricken down, was more of a tyrant than in the days of his strength and health. Yet she felt that something more than a respite had been granted her since David burst through the windows into her father's study when Rupert Lang would have taken her in his arms and set a seal to that ghastly mockery of a sacred ceremony by kissing and embracing her.

A thinly veiled threat had barely quitted Rupert Lang's lips when the telegram, which he implied announced his father's illness, was delivered to him. He had not returned since to Hallard's Cross.

The situation was such a delicate and intricate one that David had not disclosed all his cards; but those he had played on that night had been played with extreme skill. Lang had denied David's assertion that he had a secret wife, or a girl who believed herself to be his wife, in the shape of Lily Grove; but David had planted fear and suspense in the man's heart, and his departure was a retreat covered by bluff and a lie.

David did not believe that Lang, whatever his knowledge about Betty Hume, knew where she was. He felt certain that Lang dared not reveal what he knew about Betty Hume to the police so long as he, David, kept him guessing as to how much or how little he knew about his relations with Lily Grove. He had made no mention of her illness, of antimony discovered in the Golden Specific when subjected to analysis, of the girl's delirious utterances, and of the fact, unknown to the hapless girl herself, that the matter was in the hands of the police, who were carrying on their investigations under a cloak of secrecy.

Mrs. Gadling and the doctor had been pledged to temporary silence. Much was suspected and much indicated. Obviously if the girl's delirious statement that she was Rupert Lang's wife were true, or even if she had only a less binding claim on him, she constituted a stumbling block between him and marriage with Mimi; but her statement had to be proved.

Again, there was no doubt that she had been poisoned, and that the poison was contained in Golden Specific, presumably obtained from Madame Frayle; but Madame Frayle had quitted her flat in Bewlay Street, and it had yet to be discovered how the antimony found its way into the quack decoction.

Circumstance had, in a measure, forced David's hand, but he had only revealed as much of it as was necessary for Mimi's protection. It was his grim hope that Lang would be brought to book sooner or later, and to have revealed his full knowledge and his suspicions would have put the man fully on his guard.

After Lang had gone, masking his retreat under a lie about the telegram which was from his father, but merely asking for immediate information as to the vicar's condition, David had found himself alone with Mimi, and he had seen her again early next morning.

But of this John Hume, a prisoner to his bedroom, knew nothing. The doctor had been most emphatic in his injunction that all excitement and mental strain must be avoided. Nevertheless, Mimi had suffered much at the hands of her sensitive conscience. Yet who shall blame her if she took advantage of the excuse to withhold much from her father?

And before David parted from her, he had furnished her with a weapon with which to defend herself should Lang reappear, but only to be used as a last resource.

"I don't think he'll come back," David had said grimly. "But if he does, if he—— Mimi, tell him the police are trying to find out how and why poison found its way into the Golden Specific Lily Grove was taking."

Mimi had clung closely to him, only speaking after a long silence.

"You're going back to London, David! This fight—will it still be? What is quite going to happen?"

"Yes!" he had answered. "I'm going to meet him—man to man. Don't try to stop that, Mimi. That must be—unless the police prove first what I believe they are going to prove. Therefore, the sooner the better. He struck me—a coward's dirty blow—that night in his rooms. I believe him to have had a hand in that forged note that kept us apart. I'm only human. That's going to be!"

She had clung to him more closely; but if her sensitive, girlish nature was terrified her heart throbbed with a kind of pride. Women love courage.

Their trysting place that early morning had been the far side of the copse—for both of them a spot hallowed by love.

"And Phœbe?" Mimi had whispered at last. She was human, and experienced a bad pang. David's love was hers; there was perfect understanding between them, but he was still engaged to Phœbe.

Peggy Fossall, a kind of female knight errant, had

(*Continued on next page.*)

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Accordingly I want a sentence in which the only vowel used is "u." Sentences must be intelligible. ☞

taken the matter in hand, but Mimi, though she realised and appreciated the practical devotion inspiring her conduct, hardly anticipated any result; indeed feared mischief rather than good might be the consequence. She felt also that David, had he known, would have resented that young woman's intrusion into his private affairs.

"Phœbe?" he had echoed, wincing slightly. Phœbe was a woman, and therefore he was weaker, and less merciless, in fighting her than Rupert Lang. Besides that, her position was the stronger one. "I can only wait on circumstances, Mimi. But be sure of this—my present tie to her is purely formal, and I'm going to make that plain to her!"

And Mimi had understood.

Now David was gone from Hallard's Cross, and her father was bidding her send a telegram to Rupert Lang. She was conscious remorsefully of living a kind of lie, but it was for her father's sake as well as her own. He must not be thwarted. She crossed to the door.

"Mimi!"

John Hume had turned his head slightly, and called her back. His voice was painfully indistinct.

When Mimi learnt in London that he must have suppressed the letter David had written her from Brixton gaol, she felt that she hated her father. But pity was her only emotion now. She had forgotten nothing, but she had returned from London to find him a stricken man.

"Mimi, don't forget you are Rupert's wife—in God's sight. God—moves—in a mysterious way—His wonders to perform!"

Spells of drowsiness were a symptom of the disease upon him. It was very terrible. In her soul Mimi protested most vehemently that in God's sight she was not Rupert Lang's wife.

She returned to her father.

"Father," she whispered, hardly knowing what to say, "you must not ask me to think about Rupert—while you're still so ill. I'm just your daughter now. Don't ask me to be anything else but that for the present. I'm going to send the nurse to you, and you're going to have a nap!"

"A daughter—yes!" he mumbled. "I have no wife—and yet—those whom God hath joined—let no man put asunder. Betty—your mother——"

His chin was drooping down towards his chest as he mumbled like speaking in his sleep. Mimi's hand tightened convulsively on his.

"If I could find her—forgive her—then would I say—Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!"

Mimi's heart cried out in silent agony.

"Mother, mother, where are you? If you could but come now! Dear God, send her now!"

But the prayer remained unanswered—or, perhaps—only seemingly so.

"For no man—knoweth the hour!" murmured John Hume, and sank into a dose.

Mimi went softly from the room. Her eyes were blind with tears. The nurse waited outside, and returned to her patient. Mimi went to her father's study, and a vivid picture shaped itself before her. Again she seemed to see her father towering above her kneeling mother; seemed to hear her own childish words—"What has mummy done?"

To-day she fancied she knew her mother's sin! She hid her face in her hands. A shudder swept her. "Mrs. Mowle" was the name printed on the card that had been found in the drawer of the table that was standing in the hall on the night of the children's party. "Mrs. Mowle" was the name of the woman for whom the police were searching, whose description had been circulated in the newspapers.

Her thoughts returned to David. So much had been crowded into the past few days that she had omitted to tell him of her visit to Cricklewood the night she heard of David's engagement to Phœbe; she had not even told him of the discovery of the card subsequently filched from her at Regent's Circus with her reticule. But she would tell him!

She drew her hands from her eyes. She must send a telegram to Rupert Lang. The tyranny of her father was greater now than it had ever been.

"My father is anxious for news of you," she wrote at last.

What was happening in London?

The question rose up in her mind and tortured her.

David had written to her one letter since his departure on the previous day. There was no danger of letters being intercepted now, but though the letter had comforted and strengthened her—the spirit of hope breathed into it—it had told her little. David had not even mentioned Lang by name, had made no reference to the fight; nothing of Phœbe.

"If the worst comes to the worst," he had written, "you have a weapon to hand. But I feel you have nothing to fear. More than this I cannot write at present."

After dispatching the telegram by a servant, Mimi returned to her father's room. The vicar still slept.

When evening came no reply had been received from Rupert Lang.

CHAPTER FIFTY-NINE.

Jarvis on the Scent.

In his room in Museum Street, Rupert Lang was chewing a toothpick and wrestling with a craving for a cigar. Mimi's telegram had not yet been dispatched from Hallard's Cross.

Lang was pacing the room restlessly, the quill crunching between his teeth, when the telephone-bell buzzed. He picked up the instrument.

"Hullo!"

Then his face went wicked.

"Inglis!" had been the reply.

"Well?"

"You said at Hallard's Cross that I was an infernal liar and only Mimi's presence prevented you from ramming the lie—with my teeth—down my throat. You shall have your chance to-night—if convenient—at Havaslam's!"

Lang's eyes flamed with a murderous light. For a moment haunting fears, the more haunting because indefinite, were forgotten. Inglis had interfered in his little game with Mimi. He wanted to batter, smash, half-kill him! And he could do it! He was the better man, miles the better man.

"You'se in a precious hurry for that whipping!" he spat into the telephone. "But as you ask for it, by Heaven, you shall have it to-night."

"I'll take it—if you can give it me. Half-past eight? Very well. I'll 'phone Havaslam."

And with that David rang off.

The toothpick crunched between Lang's teeth as he spoke a number into the telephone.

"You, Silver? To-night, eight-thirty at Havaslam's."

Whirlwind Willie, at the other end of the wire, whistled.

"Why this blooming hustle?" he asked. "Three weeks would see you tuned up fitter. You'll whip him anyhow!"

"Why this hustle? The fool's asking for it—that's why! And he shall have it!"

"I reckon so. I shall be seeing you before you go into the ring, Mister Lang. But hustle him right away from the first—give him no rest. I guess it won't go six rounds. And say here—p'raps you'd better come along right away now and have a quiet chat!"

"Right!"

But at that moment Lang's housekeeper knocked and entered.

"There's a little girl downstairs, sir," she said. "She won't give her name, but she says she must see you. I'm sure I can't make head or tail of her."

Rupert Lang worked the toothpick from one corner of his mouth to the other.

"Show her up!"

The girl who stepped into the room with an air of awed mystery was Pollie Gadling, the daughter of Lily Grove's landlady. She closed the door nervously.

"Please, sir," she whispered fearfully, "mother doesn't know I've come. Miss Grove—she's better, sir—begged me not to say a word even to mother. I was to give you this note, sir."

The girl produced a note mysteriously. It was addressed in pencil, the handwriting was feeble. The flap was sealed down.

"Not too old for sweets, eh?" asked Lang [illegible] hoarsely, as he found a couple of half-crowns. "[illegible] tell mother!"

"No, I won't tell mother, sir. Because Miss Grove asked me not to—though I don't like keeping [illegible] from mother."

Rupert Lang opened the note slowly.

"I've been ill—very ill," he read, "but I'm better. Even now I will forgive you—you can guess what—if you will come to me—acknowledge me; but [illegible] you must take the consequences."

Sweat came out in beads on Lang's forehead.

"If it comes to the worst they can prove nothing," he reasoned desperately. "I shall have to go to [illegible] and Inglis knows something. He's put her up to this perhaps! If I don't go to her——"

His foul scheme had miscarried. She was [illegible] Did she suspect him? Did her words, "even [illegible] will forgive you," merely refer to his treatment of [illegible]

He turned to the waiting girl. Let him smash [illegible] first; let him get even with him for this.

"Look here, my girl. Miss Grove doesn't [illegible] mother to know. Tell her, Miss Grove, that I'll [illegible] round some time to-morrow."

A few minutes later Lang quitted his rooms.

Half-an-hour later the housekeeper was summoned to the front door, and found herself confronted by a stolid-featured, healthy-looking young man of [illegible] physique. He obviously hailed from the country.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said he. "But just [illegible] Mr. Lang. He was good enough to say I [illegible] wait in his rooms for him till he returns—got a [illegible] appointment. A little matter of a mare Mr. L[illegible] took a fancy to down at Hallard's Cross. I've just come up from Oxfordshire—my part of the world."

John Jarvis did not in the least suggest [illegible] designs on coats in the hall. He looked [illegible] if not transparently honest. As a matter of fa[illegible] had returned from Hallard's Cross on the previous evening, and had gone straight to Scotland Yard. The Assistant Commissioner had interviewed him personally.

"Come upstairs," said the housekeeper.

When she quitted the sitting-room Jarvis [illegible] staring at the picture of a famous pugilist adorning one of the walls. But soon as the door cl[illegible] became alert, keen-eyed, and quick and silent of movement.

"Look slippy, my lad!" was his unspoken stimulus to himself. "Frayle at Bournemouth—I [illegible] think. Where? Don't think she'll give us the slip for long. Abroad, I reckon."

He had pulled open a table-drawer. There was something about his manner that suggested he was searching, not haphazard, but for something definite.

"Maybe I'm wrong—more than likely—but there's a chance."

He was searching in a bureau now.

He listened for a moment and passed into the bedroom. Here he paused, and suppressed a sneeze with a somewhat violent contortion of his features. Then he whipped out a handkerchief, and, as the sneeze refused to be denied, smothered it effectually in his handkerchief.

This done, he noticed a letter that he had whipped out with his handkerchief. He sighed as he picked it up—a human sigh.

The letter was from Maisie. It was addressed to John Jarvis at Oldacres Farm, Witham, Oxford[illegible]

Let us peep at it.

"Dearest John—

"Your letter just received. How my heart jumped at sight of your handwriting—so [illegible] and clear—it reminds me of you somehow. But what a skimpy letter. There, I know! You've a hell [illegible] and one things to do, though you don't say why [illegible] went to Oxfordshire. Only that you're staying with your father. So glad the dad's so well and he's [illegible] Thank him for all his loving messages. I shall never forget my visit to the farm. Your love of the cows peeps out, you dear old thing. I can see you [illegible] round to the stables—with a lump of sugar in [illegible] pocket for Dobbin. One day, perhaps, John, when you've made a name for yourself and retired on a pension, we'll live in the country, eh? A loving couple—but that's a long way off yet, isn't it?

"You don't say when you're coming back to London. I suppose you can't say yourself.

"And now I've news for you—though I don't [illegible] you know. You've such a wonderful way of [illegible] out things. Mr. Death has left Crushington's suddenly. In fact, he didn't turn up next morning—I mean next morning after you left me in the cab. I suppose Scotland Yard and you know [illegible] already; but in case you don't, I'm telling you. [illegible] they say Crushington was frightfully upset. A[illegible] when he came round at mid-day he frightened [illegible] body out of their wits, carpeting here and [illegible] there. Nothing was right. At least, I will say [illegible] He didn't find any fault with me. That's something to be thankful for.

"And now, John, yet another piece of news [illegible]

(Continued on page 644.)

LAST LINES WANTED

£10 in Prizes.

Here is another "Parrots" competition, which has the recommendation of being the easiest and brightest ever devised for readers of *P.W.*

Below we give a verse of four lines, and we invite you to complete this verse by adding a fifth line, which is to be a comment or exclamation by the "Parrot" alluded to in the fourth line of the verse.

This last line need not rhyme nor scan with any of the other lines of the verse, but it may not contain more than six words, nor fewer than three.

The line you add must have some bearing on the rest of the verse, and the prizes will be awarded for the attempts considered the best by the adjudicators.

The verse which we wish you to complete is as follows:

When April the First came, young Jack
Put a pin on his schoolmaster's chair;
When teacher jumped up with a yell,
The parrot cried with a sage air:
. . . . . .

An example last line, which must not be used, might read as follows: "*Look out for 'squalls.'*"

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. Write the Parrot's comment on a postcard, and address it to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

2. Mark your postcard "Teacher" on the top left-hand corner. Attempts must arrive not later than Thursday, March 30th.

3. To the sender of the attempt considered the best a prize of £5 will be awarded. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided. In addition, ten consolation gifts of 10s. each will be awarded to the competitors whose efforts come next in merit.

4. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

Awards in Limerick Contest will be found on Page 3 of red cover.

But they may be funny. Ten pencil-cases for the longest and best sentences. Mark postcards "Vowel." (See page 642.)

you! I wonder if you will be pleased—or a little anxious! You dear, loving, anxious old thing, you know—or ought to know—how well able I am of taking care of myself. My only worry is that I may be gone before you get back, without seeing you—without (I'll write it very small and I'm blushing) without a good-bye—only for a week or so—hug and kiss!

"Madame Rose—no one could be nicer to me than she is—is taking me to Paris. It is a great honour, and the other girls are awfully jealous. She goes to buy, and I'm to be her mannikin—Madame Rose is about the only person who isn't afraid of Crushington. I've had a couple of dresses made at the firm's expense—simply for me to wear when I go with Madame Rose to the big business houses. Just think, John! I've never been abroad. How I wish you were going with me. How are you getting on with your French? Think how useful it would come in—though I don't know about your accent. But I'm only teasing!

"Dear, loving John, don't think me a giddy, silly thing, whose head has been turned at the prospect of a visit to Paris and because I've been supplied with two exquisite dresses for business purposes! But it is almost an honour to be selected, and I want to get on. You will always be in my thoughts. There's nobody like you in the world.

"I shall be miserable if I have to go without seeing you. But I hardly know where to write to you. I am sending this letter to the farm. My next I will send to the police-station.

"A wire has just come from Madame Rose. We leave Charing Cross at nine to-morrow morning. I can't hope to see you now, John. Don't be anxious. I'll write as soon as I reach Paris. All my love—all my love, you dearest and best of men, and the kisses I wish I could give you."

Jarvis sighed again as he thrust the letter back in his pocket.

"Bless her!" he muttered, forgetting detective work for a moment. "I'm a fool. But sometimes I feel I'm not good enough for her. Of course, my Maisie can take care of herself—and it's good for her to see something of the world and foreign life—same time, I shall be thankful to see her back!"

Then he rebuked himself; told himself to get on with his work. Only a chance based on a supposition of his; but when he had mentioned it to the Assistant Commissioner on the previous evening, the latter had deemed it worthy of consideration. Jarvis' visit to Scotland Yard had been primarily to report confidentially on his investigations at Hallard's Cross, but it will be remembered that at one time he had been detailed off to keep Madame Frayle under observation. The Assistant Commissioner happened to remember this.

Now Jarvis, having obtained access to Rupert Lang's flat by a simple ruse, was proceeding to search his bedroom. Before he quitted Scotland Yard he was in full possession of certain facts about Lily Grove's illness, and the results of the Golden Specific analysis. He had been shown the actual bottles that David had found in the hanging cupboard. One of these had not been stripped of its wrapper.

He crossed to the dressing-table, pulled out the drawers, went through their contents without disordering them, despite a pair of big, clumsy, powerful hands.

"No go! Only a theory—a possibility!" he said to himself.

He pulled back a curtain behind which was a shelf whereon Rupert Lang kept many pairs of boots all fixed up with trees.

"*Hullo!*"

Lang had evidently a habit of putting things not required on the shelf as well as boots. Here was an empty bottle that once contained Carlsbad salts—refreshing after a late night. Another empty bottle had once contained Bromo-seltzer — good for a headache and a nerve-sedative. Here also was a broken meerschaum pipe, a tin that had held cigarettes.

All these things Jarvis seemed to take in with one comprehensive glance; but it was none of these that had drawn the ejaculation from him.

He had picked up a small, flat metal box. It was an ink-pad of a kind that is supplied with rubber stamps or a set of rubber type that can be set up by its possessor into a holder.

Jarvis opened the lid cautiously.

"Black ink!"

He scratched his head.

"What about the stamp—or type?"

He searched the shelf; picked up the tin that once contained cigarettes; opened it.

It contained a number of loose rubber type; but no holder. Jarvis took the box back to the sitting-room. It would look awkward if he were caught in Lang's bedroom by the chance entrance of servant or housekeeper.

In the sitting-room he examined the face of the type very carefully.

Now and again he set a letter to one side, after examining the face.

"Got him, I think!" he said at last. "Fair got him!"

Some of the type had never been used; others were inked. It was the inked type that Jarvis put carefully to one side. Then presently he bunched them together into words—the type with inked faces and they spelt—

"Miss Grove, 77 Vincent Street, Kentish Town."

"A fool, as well as a scoundrel!" said Jarvis to himself.

"Miss Grove, 77 Vincent Street, Kentish Town," had been printed by a rubber stamp on the wrapper about a bottle of Golden Specific David Inglis had taken from the cupboard and given to Doctor Austen for secret analysis.

(Another long and powerful instalment next week.)

JUST A GAME.

"DARLING," cried the dear girl, "let us play at that old guessing game. Shall we?"

"Yes, love," replied the young lover. "You think of a thing."

"I have."

"Is it near?"

"Yes."

"Is it tall?"

"Yes."

"Is it white?"

"No."

"Is it—er—red?"

"Yes."

"Has it a mouth?"

"Yes."

"A big one."

"Yes, very."

"An amusing talker?"

"No."

"Do you like it?"

"Not particularly."

"What! Should you care if you never saw it again?"

"No."

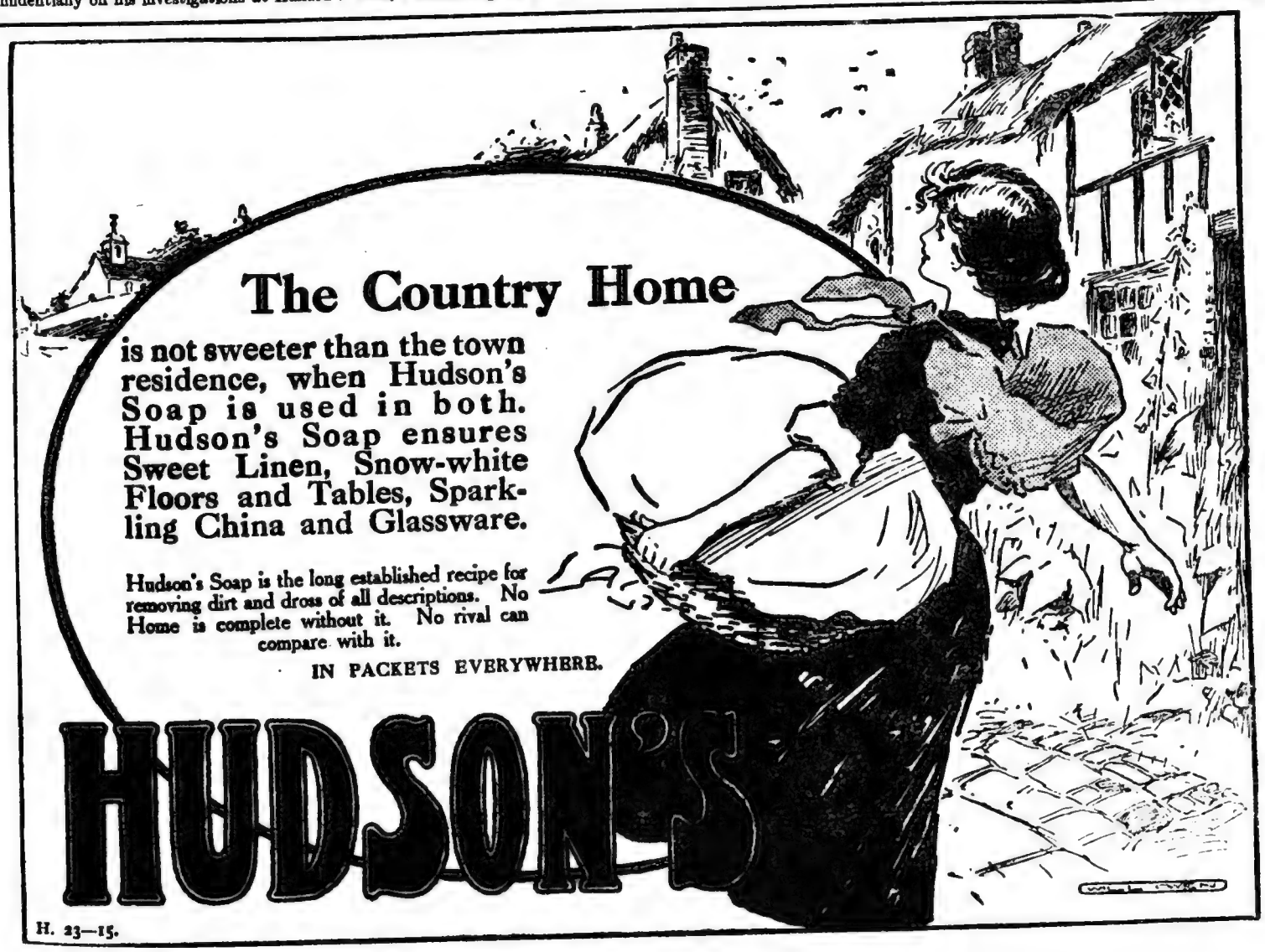
"Could you ever learn to like it better?"

"No, never!"

"Then, good-night, Mabel. I will leave you. I am evidently not wanted here."

"Oh, Harold, don't go! You have made a mistake! I'm not thinking of you, it was the pillar-box round the corner!"

It's a pity to waste this space, so we'll use it for telling you that you must begin "The Blackmailer" this very minute.



H. 23—15.

PAY "ON THE NAIL."

The Man Who Lets His Bills Run Stores Up Trouble and Seldom Gets On In Life.

MICAWBER was a cheery soul who was always waiting for something to turn up. And he was all right—in a book. For the Micawbers in modern life the something turns up pretty quickly. The colour of it is blue, which is a pretty colour in the sky, but offensive on a summons paper.

But the man who lets his bills run sometimes shows that first bit of blue ware to his friends in the eight-forty-five train as if it were no end of a joke. You can only tell a joke once, to get the best out of it; and, later on, when there's more blue about, it loses its humour.

Whether you live in town, suburb, or country village, among your friends you are pretty certain to know at least one who thinks it silly to pay on the nail for the things he has. It's out of date, old-fashioned. He expresses his forcible opinion that the man who goes very carefully through life in the matter of expenses (having perhaps laboriously and minutely worked out just what he can spend on this item and that of his weekly budget) is a bit of an old fogey, and does not know he's alive.

TRADESMEN WERE BORN FOR HIM.

He, the man who lets his bills run, is very fond of explaining his position in matters of expenditure, and of defending his way of doing things with something of the air of a financier. He says that, as a private individual, he is as much entitled to credit as the man running a business. No business, he says, can be successfully carried on without making use of credit. He gets eloquent, and explains that the whole working system of business life goes along simply on credit. He is a little inclined to look upon tradesmen of all sorts as constructed chiefly for his benefit.

Therefore, he lets bills go on, and always (for a time) has plenty of cash in his pocket.

And if you happen to remark that *you* prefer paying for anything as you have it, he looks on you with a patronising eye.

Certainly, if he has any sort of a salaried position, and a good manner and appearance (and the worst of it is that this sort of chap is mostly quite a good fellow, apart from this special stupid notion), he can get credit, in a small way, easily enough nowadays. That is, of course, if he lives in any place for long together. Competition's keen; indeed, the tradesmen, anxious for his custom, will, to an extent, "push" things on him.

The world of business, right enough, goes along on credit. The business man, in many instances, has to sell some of the stuff he gets on credit before he can pay for it. That's simple. But all his credit is based on security of some kind or another, security of goods in hand, or security of resources of various kinds.

JUST SCRAPES THROUGH LIFE.

Therefore, the man working for a salary must have some security before it is a sound thing for him to live on the "letting bills run" lines. That is the great point the modern Micawber leaves out of his rosy calculations. With most of him, his only real security, his basis for allowing himself the luxury of credit, is simply made up of his genial manner and his unwarranted confidence in himself. And that is small assets when the day comes when this bill or that bill must be paid. His salary, unless it is far more than sufficient for his needs, is obviously no security, since that is wanted, as it comes in, for ordinary expenses.

And so, without having meant any harm at all, in the long run it means that he has doomed himself to get out of one little hole (always with difficulty) into another little hole, and makes inevitably—with very rare exceptions—for the biggest hole of the lot, out of which he will never get.

He becomes a "scraper through" in life. And nothing more interferes with his work or his comfort, or the comfort of those dependent on him, if unfortunately, he is married.

Then things get worrying, and he is not half so confident about his views on the utter necessity of credit. He lives in a futile mirage of some day cutting down expenses, but expenses NEVER get any less.

And that hateful blue becomes, in a way, the colour scheme of his harassed life.

It's worth a great deal—that old-fashioned idea, at which too many of the younger generation sneer, of knowing that what you stand up in, what you have and use in your daily life, is paid for.

ABOUT FEATHER PIRATES.

DESPERATE war is being waged just now in the United States of America between the Government officials charged under a recent law with the care of the survivors of the myriads of beautiful wild birds that once abounded there, and the feather pirates who seem bent upon altogether exterminating them.

These pirates have been brought into existence through the demand of the feminine world for feathers for millinery. They form killing-and-skinning camps in inaccessible spots on the borders of the great lakes, and elsewhere, and millions of grebes, herons, and other similar birds, have been slaughtered by them in the last few years. They are desperate men, and dangerous if interfered with. Only the other day three wardens—as the Government forest keepers are termed—were murdered by them in cold blood.

The birds, of course, are shown no mercy whatever. Even the island sanctuaries established by the Government in the Pacific Ocean have been raided by organised bands of feather pirates, and their feathered denizens slain. Recently a schooner especially fitted out by them was captured by a United States revenue cutter, and it was found that the pirates had killed and skinned 300,000 of the unsuspecting birds.

Another raid was made on an albatross sanctuary, and 250,000 of these beautiful birds were slain. Happily, in this case also, the miscreants were captured.

But this will not daunt others, for the profits are very large. A solitary pirate arrested a little while back had nearly £1,000 worth of "aigrey" plumes in his possession.

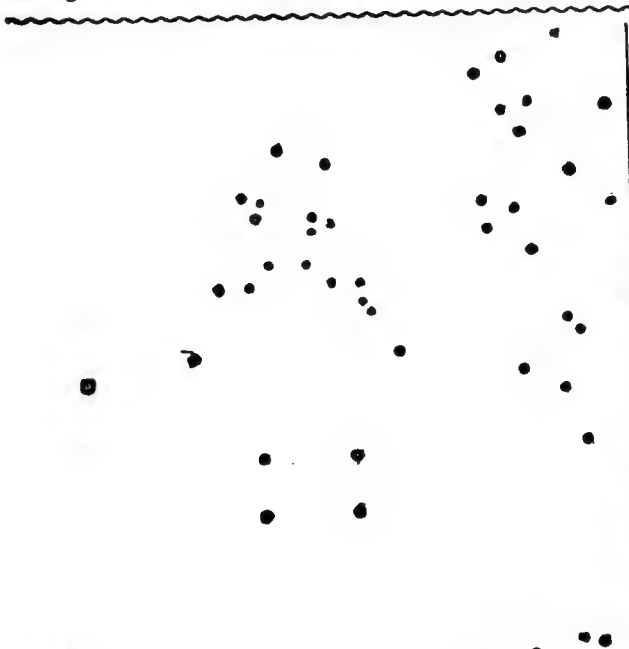
"TELL me," cried the young man, straining her to his breast, "why do you call your little brother Time?"

"Because," she replied, as she freed herself from his embrace and looked beneath the sofa, "because Time will tell."

DEAR OLD LADY: "How do you find your way across the ocean, captain?"

Captain: "By the compass, madam. The needle always points to the north."

Dear Old Lady: "Yes, I know. But what if you wish to go east or south?"



WEDDING GIFTS FOR READERS.

FIRST PRIZE - - £25.

And 25 Consolation Gifts.

Martin states that if you join up the Dots you can make up a picture of his Wedding Coach.

Here is another competition prepared by Martin for the benefit of readers of *P.W.*

Opposite you will find a large number of dots. These dots, Martin informs us, can be made to form a picture of a wedding coach. This picture can be discovered by connecting the dots with straight lines, and you are invited to find out the proper method of linking up the dots so as to make the coach appear.

Every dot is necessary to guide you in making up the picture, and must either terminate a line, or be the point of the angle formed by the meeting of lines. Every dot must be utilised. *Straight lines only must be used.* We give you a fortnight in which to complete the coach so that you have ample time to discover the solution of the mysterious picture.

To the reader who most correctly joins up the dots to produce Martin's wedding coach a prize of £25 will be awarded. Twenty-five consolation gifts will also be awarded to those readers who come nearest to the winner.

The prize of £25, Martin hopes, will be a help to the winner in setting up house; but if the prize is won by a father or mother he trusts that the money will be set aside as a marriage dot for their daughter, or as a wedding gift for their son.

Martin tells us that he has still two other prizes of £25 each to award in a similar manner.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. When you have completed the picture of Martin's wedding coach to your satisfaction, sign your name and address in the space provided below, cut it out together with your picture of the coach, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communication to be inclosed.
2. Mark your envelope, "Martin No. 2." on the top left-hand corner.
3. Post your attempt to arrive not later than Thursday, April 6th.
4. To the reader who most correctly joins up the dots to show the picture of the coach a marriage dot of £25 will be awarded. In the event of a tie this prize will be divided. Twenty-five consolation gifts will also be awarded to those who come nearest to the winner.
5. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non delivery of any attempt submitted.
6. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
7. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

Name.....

Address.....

Lady readers will perhaps know why is a Bridesmaid like a Fringe-net?" (Turn to page 646)

NEW IMPROVED SHEFFIELD STEEL SAFETY RAZOR.

One Everlasting Blade Instead of Several Fragile Metal Wafers.

HIGH PRICE SAFETY RAZOR MANUFACTURERS GREATLY ALARMED.

Manufacturers of certain high-priced Safety Razors are greatly alarmed at the introduction of the new improved Sheffield steel "Mulcuto" Safety Razor at the popular price of only half-a-crown.

The advent of this splendid Safety Razor means the end of the immense profits some manufacturers have been making by charging excessive prices for their razors simply because they are of the much-demanded "Safety" pattern.

When first introduced, the "non-dangerous" qualities of the Safety Razor created an instant popularity amongst the wealthy classes of this country. Thus the manufacturers were able to charge from half-a-guinea to a guinea or more for each razor they sold.

This "exclusive" price has tended to confine the advantages of the Safety Razor to members of the "upper ten thousand." The rest of the 4,000,000 men who shave in this country have been practically barred from buying it.

With the invention of the new improved "Mulcuto" razor all this is changed. You can buy a "Mulcuto" for only 2s. d. Everyone can afford this. *And if you post this sum as a deposit to the address given below, one of these magnificent Razors will be sent you free for a month.*

Shave with it for 30 days. Give it a thorough personal trial. Test it for a month on your own face. If at the end of that time it does not come up to your expectations, send it back, and your 2s. 6d. will be returned to you. But if you like it, as you are sure to do—for its blade is of the very finest Sheffield steel—keep it and no further sum will be charged you.

"I'M GOING TO STICK TO THIS."

"The best razor I've ever shaved with" is the universal comment after a month's free trial of the "Mulcuto." "I'm going to stick to this. Send it back? No fear!"

So write for *your* "Mulcuto" to-day. It will be forwarded post free by return.

The Safety Razor is undoubtedly the most popular pattern of razor ever invented. And of all Safety Razors the "Mulcuto" is by far the favourite with everyone who appreciates a quick, clean, luxurious and velvet-like shave. Yet it costs only 2s. 6d. This is because so many people use it. The larger the number of any safety razor sold, the less the price that may be charged for each. The "Mulcuto" is the cheapest of all Safety Razors because it is the best. It is sold at a popular price because of its own popularity.

Everyone is astonished at the velvety softness with which the "Mulcuto" shaves.

KEEPS YOU CLOSELY AND BEAUTIFULLY SHAVED FOR YEARS.

The "Mulcuto" Safety Razor, besides being an inexpensive razor, is also an improved-type razor. The last Safety Razor to be invented, it includes the advantages of all its predecessors without any of their disadvantages. And it possesses additional advantages of its own. Even if it were expensive the "Mulcuto" would therefore be the razor you ought to buy. As it is inexpensive as well as inimitable, it is the razor you must buy.

But, try it first for a month at the manufacturer's expense. You will never want to send it back after this trial of 30 mornings' personal use. You will buy the razor right away, and it will last you and keep you closely and beautifully shaved for years.

A great improvement on previous Safety Razor construction is the blade of the "Mulcuto."

The blade of the "Mulcuto" is manufactured from the finest quality, double-refined and highly-tempered Sheffield Razor steel.

Each blade is "hollow-ground" by hand by expert workmen, and by this process an exactness and equality of temper are assured such as never has been obtained before.

THE EVERLASTING BLADE OF SHEFFIELD STEEL.

As a result, the blade of the "Mulcuto" is practically everlasting. This is no wafer-thin Safety Razor blade which can only be used once and then must be thrown away. Nor is this one of those so-called "thin" blades cut from rolled band steel, which scrape and graze the skin and do not "shave" at all in the true meaning of the word. No, the blade of the "Mulcuto" is the product of the finest skill of the Sheffield steel worker and is made to last.

"*Twelve months ago I bought one of your Safety Razors, and I have had it in use every day,*" writes Mr. F. H. Sharp, of 9 Tilton Street, S.W. "*I am still using the same blade and nothing has been done to it beyond stropping. I do not think one could have better proof of the perfection of your razor.*"

And hundreds of other users of the "Mulcuto" have written to say the same.

Just try the "Mulcuto" Safety Razor for one month—FREE.

"A BLESSING" FOR NERVOUS PEOPLE.

To shave with the "Mulcuto" is an inspiration. Its touch on your skin is as delicate and tender as the caress of a woman's hand. With it you can shave yourself in half the time you take with the old-fashioned "clasp razor," and you cannot possibly cut yourself.

"*Your 'Mulcuto' Razors are a boon to all. Anyone can shave in the dark with them. For the aged and nervous people it is a blessing It enables them to have the easiest of shaves without cutting oneself,*" writes Mr. C. A. Beesley, of Hemel Hempstead, Herts.

With the "Mulcuto" you can shave in the dark—in a swaying express—in a rolling vessel—without the slightest fear of cutting yourself.

For use on shipboard the "Mulcuto" is absolutely invaluable. The slovenly appearance of the imperfectly-shaven is as undesirable at sea as on land, particularly on vessels of His Majesty's Navy or on one of the crack ocean liners. Yet shaving at sea with the ordinary "clasp-razor" is frequently a perilous business. A sudden lurch of the ship—the razor slips—a disfiguring, perhaps even dangerous, gash is caused. That is why so many sailors wear beards to "dodge" the perils of shaving. With the "Mulcuto" this is impossible. The "Mulcuto" cannot slip. However rough the weather or choppy the sea, the fortunate owner of a "Mulcuto" can always shave himself closely and pleasantly and swiftly without a single cut or scrape or graze.

ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED TO SAILORS AND TRAVELLERS BY LAND AND SEA.

Officers and men of the Royal Navy, the R.M.L.I., the British Mercantile Marine, and all travellers by land or sea are especially recommended to give the "Mulcuto" a free trial.

They will find it "just the razor" they have been looking for. Moreover, the "Mulcuto," in addition to its shaving qualities, is also the most convenient of razors in point of shape and size. When not in use the whole "Mulcuto" shaving outfit can be packed in a neat little metal travelling case—supplied free with each razor—which can be easily carried in one's pocket or slipped into any corner of one's bag or portmanteau.

This is the one everlasting Sheffield Steel Blade that outwears thousands of blades costing 2/6 per dozen; and the "Mulcuto" Razor complete costs only 2/6

Gentlemen suffering from weakness or nervousness, or who are recovering from some illness, and who distrust the steadiness of their hand, should always use the "Mulcuto." For, however their hands may tremble, they cannot cut themselves with this most wonderful safety razor.

Ladies looking out for a nice birthday present for their menfolk should send for a "Mulcuto." Such a gift will be most highly appreciated by any man who shaves.

The "Mulcuto" Razor is made in two qualities.

No. 1, WITH NICKLE-PLATED FRAME, PRICE 2s. 6d.

No. 2, WITH HEAVILY SILVER-PLATED FRAME, PRICE 3s. 6d.

(COMPLETE IN METAL TRAVELLING CASE, WITH HOLDER FOR STROPPING THE BLADE.)

TO-DAY IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

To-day readers of this journal have the wonderful opportunity of trying the "Mulcuto" for one month free of charge. Just write to the address below, enclosing as a deposit either 2s. 6d. or 3s. 6d., whichever pattern "finish" of razor you require. On return you will be sent, post free, the "Mulcuto" Safety Razor (complete with travelling case, holder for stropping the blade, and full particulars). Shave with the "Mulcuto" for a month free. If as the result of this experience you decide that the "Mulcuto" does not suit you, post it back and your deposit will be returned.

But you are sure to like it. In that case you will have nothing further to pay Just keep the razor, with its "everlasting" blade, and shave yourself with it. It will be a good friend to you, a companion you will never wish to part from again.

OUR GUARANTEE.

THIS IS THE COUPON ENTITLING YOU TO A 30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OF THE MARVELLOUS "MULCUTO" SAFETY RAZOR.

To the "Mulcuto" Manufacturing Co. (Dept. 28), 31 to 33 High Holborn, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please forward to me, carriage paid, by return, the "Mulcuto" Shaving Outfit (including Safety Razor), for which I enclose postal order for 2s. 6d.,* upon the condition that you return the cash to me in full should I send the Outfit back within 30 days.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

*Send 3s. 6d. if you would like one of the *Modèle de Luxe* Silver-Plated Razors on 30 days' trial.

AGENTS WANTED.

Home Notes Page

Conducted by ISOBEL.

DAINTY DISHES.

Austrian Chops.

Take some nice veal cutlets, and with a rolling-pin beat them on both sides till they are quite thin. Then dip into beaten eggs, and afterwards in finely-grated breadcrumbs. Fry in boiling fat until nicely browned. These should be both tasty and tender.

Beef Patties.

Choose some underdone roast beef with a little fat on it. Season with pepper and salt, and mince finely. Roll out some pastry very thin and cut it into rounds. Place some seasoned meat on one side and fold over the other like an apple puff. Fry in deep fat till a golden colour, and serve hot.

Macaroni Mince

Is most tasty, and any scraps of meat are useful for it. The meat should be cut small and moistened with gravy, an equal weight of macaroni being separately boiled and cut into quarter inch lengths. Make all very hot in a stewpan, and pile on a dish with croûtons of fried bread as a garnish.

Cream Scones.

Sift two pounds of well-dried flour into a basin, and rub in a quarter of a pound of lard or clarified dripping. Make a well in the flour and put in three ounces of sugar, three good teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, a pinch of salt, two beaten eggs, and enough milk to make all into a nice dough.—(*Reply to* ELIZABETH.)

This Delicious Milk Pudding

Is easily made and will surely please your invalid. Mix a tablespoonful of cornflour, a tablespoonful of golden syrup, and a tablespoonful of sugar with a little cold milk (quarter of a pint). Boil three-quarters of a pint of milk, and then stir into the other ingredients. Let all cool a little, then add a beaten egg. Pour into a greased piedish, and bake for fifteen minutes.—(*Reply to* ALFRETON, King's Lynn.)

Spring Rhubarb Jam.

Peel one pound of the finest rhubarb and cut into pieces of two inches in length, add three-quarters of a pound of white sugar, and the rind and juice of one lemon, the rind to be cut into narrow strips. Put all into a preserving-pan, and simmer gently until the rhubarb is soft; take it out carefully with a silver or wooden spoon, and place in jars, then boil the syrup till it jellies, say an hour, and pour it over the fruit. When cold, tie the jars down with a bladder, to exclude the air.

Saucer Cake for Tea.

Mix a quarter of a pound of flour and a quarter of a pound of good arrowroot together; add a quarter of a pound of pounded white sugar, one ounce of candied peel, cut into thin slices, a quarter of a pound of butter, beaten to a cream, and two well-whisked eggs. Beat this mixture for ten minutes, put it into a buttered cake-tin or mould, or, if this is not obtainable, a soup plate answers the purpose, lined with a piece of buttered paper. Bake the cake in a moderate oven for one hour to an hour and a half, and leave on a sieve till cold. This will keep in a canister for two or three weeks.

Special Marmalade Recipe.

Have you made your marmalade yet? If not, here is a special recipe for a delightfully clear and delicious marmalade. Slice one orange, one lemon, and one grape-fruit very finely, rejecting nothing except seeds and cores. Measure the quantity of fruit, and add to it three times that quantity of water. Let it stand in an earthenware dish over-night, and next morning boil it for ten minutes only. Stand for another night, and next morning add pint for pint of sugar, and boil steadily for about two hours until the marmalade jellies. This makes enough marmalade to fill twelve glasses.—(*Prize won by* MRS. GILES, *Fartherwell, West Malling, Kent.*)

Date Muffins.

These muffins make a delicious tea or breakfast dish, and are always highly relished on account of their novelty. Cream three ounces of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of caster sugar, and the yolks of two eggs well beaten. Mix well together one cup of flour, half a cup of cornflour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and a little salt. Add this with a small cup of milk alternately to the creamed butter and eggs. Beat well, and stir in three-quarters of a cupful of dates, cut into small pieces. Mix in gently the whites of two eggs, beaten stiff, and bake in a moderately hot oven.—(*Prize awarded to* MRS. JAMES, 18 *Benbow Road, Hammersmith, W.*)

BITS ABOUT BATTER.

BATTER is a mixture of flour, eggs, and milk. It is so-called because of the amount of battering, or beating, required to make the mixture light.

All flour used should be gradually mixed with the milk and egg to avoid lumps.

The batter must be well beaten with a wooden spoon when only half the liquid is added, otherwise it will be too thin to beat easily.

The batter should stand for about two hours, if possible, to allow the starch grains to swell.

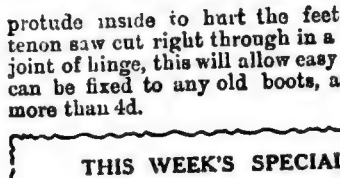
Endeavour always to warm the tins you are using before pouring in the batter. This will make the puddings much lighter.

Remember a quick heat is essential to raise the batter.

(*Prize won by* MRS. YERRILL, *Old Basford, Nottingham.*)

KEEPS THE FEET DRY.

QUITE an ideal method of keeping the feet dry when gardening appears in THE SMALLHOLDER. Cut two pieces of 1 inch wood the shape of the boot, as shown in Fig. 1, then get one pair of 1-inch back flap hinges and screw one to each piece of wood, as Fig. 2.



Then with screws fix to boot, the hinge side against bottom of boot, as Fig. 3, and so that the screws do not protude inside to hurt the feet. Then with a tenon saw cut right through in a direct line with joint of hinge, this will allow easy walking. They can be fixed to any old boots, and will cost no more than 4d.

THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL HINT.

For Firelrons.

When putting away firelrons for any length of time, smear them carefully with vaseline and wrap them in brown paper. Then, if you store them in a dry place, you will not be troubled with rust.

TO MEND BROKEN CHINA.

TAKE a teaspoonful of good sugar and add to it just enough boiling water to dissolve it completely. When cold add the white of one egg, and beat the mixture well with a fork.

The cement is now ready for use. Warm the broken pieces of china and apply the cement, pressing the mended parts firmly together. Let the mended china stand for twelve hours before using. (*Prize awarded to* MRS. L. BURTON, *Red Lion Restaurant, Bordesley Street, Birmingham.*)

HOW TO HANG THE CURTAINS.

MAKE a hem along the top of your curtains of about three-quarters of an inch wide.

Make some loops, of from two to three inches in length, with some half-inch tape.

Then sew the loops to the top of the curtain at equal distances apart, and you will be able to put the curtain-rod through the loops without having the trouble of threading it through the hem. The curtains will also hang nicely, and there will be no danger of tearing them.—(*Prize awarded to* MRS. WOOD, 18 *Wren Street, West Gorton, Manchester.*)

TO LADY READERS.

HERE is an opportunity for you to win a splendid pair of scissors for your work basket.

As I've already announced, I want to see if you've any ideas or hints which will help to make this page of practical use to housewives, housewives to be, and mothers.

And I am willing to award a pair of scissors to those readers who can help me in this way.

Supposing, for instance, you know how some attractive and useful little thing for the home can be made easily and cheaply; write and tell me all about it, giving full and clear particulars; and if I decide that I can use it on this page, I will award you a pair of scissors.

Or supposing you have a wonderful old recipe, such as is not to be found in any cookery book, or supposing you have some brand-new idea in fancy work, or some brilliant way for saving labour in housework; these are just the things I want you to send.

Of course, it's no use sending ordinary recipes or ordinary hints for the home that have already appeared.

If you want them returned you must send a stamped and addressed envelope. Send ideas to "Isobel," care of the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Mark your envelopes "Hints." *ISOBEL.*

HOME HINTS.

During Spring Cleaning

Every bedstead should be wiped over with turpentine.

Iron Kitchen Spoons

Should be scoured after washing with a mixture of salt and sand.

Good Eggs

Have dull shells. Remember this when choosing them for the table.

A Good Sewing-Machine Oil,

Which I always use, is equal parts of paraffin and salad oil.—(*Reply to* M. D.)

When Beating Carpets,

First lay them face downwards on the grass, then turn and beat the other side.

When Marble is Spotted

Sprinkle borax moistened with water, leave for a little time, and then wash with soap and water.

Green Blinds

May be greatly improved by being well brushed, and afterwards very lightly brushed with linseed oil.

Clothes Pegs

Are often spoiled by becoming too dry. Soak them in water once a month and they will last for years.

A Useful Gardening Apron

May be made out of the skirt of a waterproof cloak. This will be most useful when watering the garden.

Grease on Boards.

Make a thick paste of pipeclay and cold water, and spread it over the stain, which will quickly disappear.

Varnish Stains

On the hands are quickly removed by rubbing with methylated spirit. Apply this before washing with soap.

Hair and Wire Sieves

Must be thoroughly well scrubbed after use, and should then be hung in the air for several hours to sweeten.

Delicate Cretonne

And other cotton materials may be washed with impunity in a lather of Castile soap and water. (*Reply to* MABEL.)

When Cake-Making

Collect all the materials, weigh the quantities, grease the tin, and see that the oven is right before mixing the ingredients.

Where Paraffin Lamps

Are used, keep a box of dry sand in a prominent place. Should a lamp be overturned, some sand will soon extinguish the flames.

A Novel Penwiper

Is a raw potato. When ink has corroded on a pen, stick it two or three times into a raw potato, and the nib will be good as new.

Common Yellow Soap

Should always be bought in large quantities and kept in a warm, dry place. If it is hard before being used, it will last much longer.

Rugs,

Either Persian or Indian, will wear much longer if they are faced at either end with a piece of webbing. When a rug becomes worn it will be better to line it right through with Hessian, but that is not necessary at first.

Hygienic Washing.

I am very glad to give this valuable recipe again. Into a quart bottle put four ounces of sea-salt, one tablespoonful of camphor, and one of ammonia. Fill the bottle with hot water and let it stand for twenty-four hours before using. Put one teaspoonful into a basin of water. This is a wonderful cleanser of the skin.—(*Reply to* ARTHUR.)

SOME QUEER DISHES.

In some parts of the world people eat seaweed, in others, birds' nests are a delicacy. Hunters of big game enjoy a meal of elephant's foot. Ordinary people, however, content themselves with a rational mixed diet; and they do so, knowingly or unknowingly, in order that they may get all the elements necessary to the maintenance of the body in perfect health and vigour. Some foods supply energy, some make good the daily waste of the system, while others again are merely heat-producing. But there are a few foods which supply all three elements, and of these perhaps the most valuable are Currants. These delicious little fruits (really dried grapes) embody all the nutritive, health-promoting properties. That is why they are so strongly recommended as a daily article of diet.

I will give ten pairs of scissors for the best solutions. Mark postcards "Brides." (See page 648.)

AN IMPORTANT DOMESTIC EVENT

is getting a particular room or the whole house into "apple pie" order for the coming brighter days. The days of March and April find wives everywhere, in small homes and large ones, interested in making the house as clean and beautiful as hands can make it.

It is now a suitable moment to consider LI-NOLA, for without this beautiful floor covering Home Beauty and economy is difficult, indeed, almost impossible.

Beautiful rooms mean especial joy to the diligent and proper housewife. They are her pride, and call for particular care, because, unlike the husband, the housewife spends most of her time at home. Add to this the fact of the wife's deep desire to make her husband proud of his home, and especially so when visitors come, and you have a strong case why making home beautiful is an important event.

Whilst housewives are looking around for new floor coverings, we earnestly request an opportunity to show our

LI-NOLA

the world's most famous, beautiful, low-cost floor covering. LI-NOLA is the most certain of all floor coverings to make a home truly and durably beautiful at a little cost. No other floor covering is so easy to make clean as LI-NOLA, for it keeps away dust, dirt, and scrubbing drudgery. During the days when windows and doors are open more than usual it is a relief to the housewife to have a floor covering that gathers no dust and dirt.

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Sample Pieces, exhibiting quality and appearance, together with book of designs, sent by post. We sell on Easy Terms (no security required), or allow a discount of 2s. in the £ for cash down. We pay carriage.

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3 by 4	"	1	7	0	1	10	0
3½ by 4	"	1	11	6	1	15	0
4 by 4	"	1	16	0	2	0	0

Any other size at proportionate price.

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HOW DRUNKARDS ARE BEING SAVED.

These Pictures tell their own story. A child can understand them.

ALCOHOLISM CURED IN 72 HOURS!

I guarantee absolutely that any drinker will completely lose the craving for alcoholic drinks if he, or she, willingly takes my gentle, safe home Treatment for only three days, or I refund money. It is perfectly harmless, overcomes the craving, and wonderfully improves the health. By my "A" method you can cure yourself or any other person with the positive knowledge that success will follow, or money back. The craving begins to disappear in a few hours, and the health improves every minute! An astonishing and lasting transformation! Also, I supply my "B" method, whereby the DRUNKARD IS CURED WITHOUT HIS KNOWLEDGE safely and speedily. The person

Soon Begins to Hate the Taste of Liquor,

despises the stuff, and nothing can induce him to drink it. Any wife, mother, or friend can give these preparations secretly in coffee, tea, milk, whisky, beer, or other drinks. They are tasteless and truly wonderful in their action. Do not confuse them with numerous worthless things that are being advertised.

My Book, *Confessions of an Alcohol Slave*, tells how I was a heavy drinker for many years and was marvellously cured; it explains how the same joy can come to every other drinker. My method is the most successful absolutely guaranteed Treatment in the world. It is the lowest-priced often succeeds after all others fail. Legions of Testimonials from persons willing to have their names and addresses published, so you can call or write to them. I will send my Book, in plain wrapper, post paid, absolutely free.

FREE

Write for it, and give a few particulars of case, mentioning whether Treatment is wanted for self, or husband, son, friend, etc. It makes no difference how long person has been a drinker, or how much he drinks. Correspondence strictly confidential. I can answer as well by post as if you call. Write to-day if you can. Cut this out and show it to others in need of this joyful news.

EDWARD J. WOODS, 10 Norfolk Street (351 H), Strand, W.C.

NOTICE.—Woods' method for curing drink habit (alcoholism) is endorsed by physicians of Europe and America as being the quickest, best, perfectly safe Remedy. Mr. Woods' Free Book changes despair to joy!

BROOKS' NEW CURE FOR RUPTURE

Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads.

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Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.

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Over 10,000 Doctors recommend "Wincarnis" because they *know* that it gives new life to the invalid—renewed strength to the weak—increased vigour to the brain-worker—and a wealth of health to everyone. Will *you* try just one bottle?

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If you would like to "try before you buy," to prove its health-creative virtues for yourself—

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

COLEMAN & CO. Ltd., W 31 Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a free bottle of "Wincarnis." I enclose three penny stamps to pay carriage.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

P.W., March, 30/11. ....

WINCARNIS

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are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

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ASTROLOGY.—Your future important events foretold. Marriage, Partner described, Business, Speculation, Changes, Legacies, Lucky Days, Planet, etc. Send birth-date, 1/- P.O., stamped envelope.—Madame Marion, 4 Robertson Avenue, Edinburgh.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT; call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, Actual Manufacturers, 63 Oxford Street, London (Estab. 100 years).

HEADERS, FINALS DITTOES, Etc.—The Competitors' Aid Association have won hundreds of Prizes for Clients. First Prize Triplet. "Aunt's Hails Bus—Her Address 'Barking.'" was one of ours. Send us 1d. stamp and we will send you **Two Trial Efforts** and particulars of our "no win—no pay" and "entry fees paid" system. We shall also send you our official journal, the **"COMPETITORS' BULLETIN,"** containing invaluable information and spontaneous letters of thanks from many prize-winners who could not catch the judge's eye till they tried us.—Address, Supt. C. A. A., 28 Belmont Gardens, West Hartlepool.

BABY CARS direct from factory on approval; carriage paid; we save you 5/- in the £; cash or easy payments from 4/- monthly. Wonderful value. Send to-day for splendid new catalogue, post free.—Direct Public Supply Co. (Dept. 63), Coventry.

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HOW TO KEEP FIT.—A "One Minute" Daily Exercise Card, containing 20 Photographs and full instructions, can be supplied post free for Ninepence, from The Publisher, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. **INVEST 9d. & KEEP FIT.**

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TO POULTRY KEEPERS.—All readers of this paper who keep poultry should obtain particulars of the remarkable scheme by which the Editor of *The Smallholder* is supplying suitable persons with pedigree fowls, ducks, geese, turkeys (and other live stock) of the finest strains free of charge with the object of establishing Breeding Centres throughout the country and meeting effectively foreign competition in the British Egg and Poultry Markets.—Send post-card for full particulars of Pedigree Live Stock Competition, 1911, to the Editor of *The Smallholder*, 28 Maiden Lane, London, W.C.

BRITISH-MADE JAP VIOLINS, 2/6; easy terms, 3/-.—Hibberd, 172 Maygrove Road, West Hampstead.

HAVE YOU INDIGESTION?—I can cure you. Send 2/- order for famous specialist's prescription and advice. Avoid dangerous pills.—W. Johnstone, 24 Linkfield Street, Redhill, Surrey.

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8 CHINESE STAMPS FREE! Mention gift B. 87. Send 1d. postage.—Bright & Son, 164 Strand, W.C.

PERFECTLY NEW AUTOMATIC KNITTER, double cam-control, all accessories, complete in box, with full printed instructions [illegible] sell £5.—Beta, 9 Marten Road, Dulwich, S.W.

OUR CUP FINAL INVITATIONS.

THOSE of you who are taking part in our Football Headers contests would no doubt be very much interested in the question put in the Footlines the other week, "Why is our invitation to witness the Cup Final like a piece of brown paper?"

Here are some of the replies, and I am sure, like the singer of "Songs of Araby," they will "cheat you of a smile."

One reader wrote that our invitation to the Cup Final was like a piece of brown paper "because there's nothing in any other paper like it."

Another expressed the opinion that both were alike "because each incloses somebody's lunch." This reader apparently has his eye on the "hot dinner at twelve o'clock."

A third competitor pointed out "that both are used for a good 'spread out' for two good 'soles.'"

A fourth answer was to the effect that "each will cover all that's required for a day's trip"; while a fifth reader hazarded the reply that "both are 'ripping,' and therefore cannot be beaten."

Talking of our invitations to the Cup Final, may I remind you that this is the last week of our offer. If you wish to see the Cup Final at our expense you must enter now. Don't hesitate, but turn to the Football Header page at once.

"THE MYSTERY OF THE FOUR JOHNS."

IN our issue of March 9th, 1911, under the above heading appeared an article in which it was stated that in November, 1899, four men set out for Canada from Dublin bound on a mission of wholesale murder. Their names were given, one of them being John Rowan, whose solicitor writes to us that there is not the slightest foundation for coupling his name with any such mission. We accept that statement unreservedly, and desire at the earliest possible moment to withdraw it and to express our regret for having allowed it to be inserted in this journal, and tender our apologies to Mr. John Rowan for any annoyance and pain we may have caused him.

WHEN MARRIED LIFE GETS DULL.

I HAVE just been reading an advance copy of a bright little book which every husband and wife and all who are contemplating marriage must read, as it is bound to do them good.

The title is, "When Married Life Gets Dull," and the author deals with the many jarring problems and petty annoyances that mar domestic bliss in a shrewd, witty, and original manner, which readers will find both interesting and helpful.

To show the novel method in which he treats his subject, I may state that some of his chapter headings are as follows: "Man's Craving for Love," "I told you so," "Should Women Carve the Joint?" "Should Men Knit their own Stockings?" "Don't teach your child to be a Poodle Dog," "The 'Sniffy' Woman," "Don't Let a Man go Shopping."

The book will be on sale at all booksellers next Thursday, and the price is 1s. only. If you value domestic happiness order a copy at once.

WHY HORSES ARE CLIPPED.

THOUGH not a vet. I think I can answer the question of TOSH, who asks: "Why do horse-owners have their animals clipped in winter—a time when one would naturally suppose that they would require the extra protection?"——

Simply because when a horse is doing hard work, TOSH, it perspires. When the coat has been clipped the sweat can easily be brushed off. But when the coat is long this cannot be done—with the result that the horse is very likely to catch cold when standing about, and perhaps die.

"SWATCHED"

HERE is a letter from one who has been "swatched." "I keep a small grocery shop," writes G. N., "and was recently approached by some gipsy women who said they were going to give me a large order. Their methods were very similar to those adopted in the great 'public-house swatch,' which you recently published in *Pearson's Weekly*, and I, too, believed that I was going to do a lot of business with them. Instead of a fur rug, however, they palmed off on me a small mat. They asked four shillings at first, but eventually reduced the price, by sixpenny drops, to eighteen pence. This I paid, only to discover afterwards, when the gipsies had vanished without paying me anything, that I could have bought it retail for half the sum."——

Of course, the swatchers will try every possible variation of their particular swindles—the more so as many of them will have read the exposures in *Pearson's Weekly*, and so will reckon that their old dodges are about "played out." Prudent readers will take every possible precaution in dealing with strangers, and our recent hints should be strictly adhered to.

THE MILITARY SALUTE.

HERE is a letter from one of my soldier readers. "What," asks DUSC, "is the origin of the 'military salute'"?——

In the Middle Ages, DUSC, the knights of the tournament used to pass before the throne of the Queen of Beauty and pass the hands over the eyes, to imply, by way of compliment, that her beauty was so great that it dazzled the naked eye. The officer's salute with his sword has a double meaning. The first position, with the hilt opposite the lips, is a repetition of the Crusader's action in kissing the cross hilt of his sword in token of faith and fealty; while lowering the point afterwards implies either submission or friendship, meaning in either case that it is no longer necessary to stand on guard.

EATING HORNS.

I AM sorry to say that two of my readers have given way to the reprehensible habit of betting. "I had a bet with a friend," writes SPORTY, "that he was talking nonsense when he said that deer eat their own horns when they have discarded them. Will you please settle the point?" ——

Your friend is quite right, SPORTY. In districts frequented by deer it is very unusual to come across an abandoned antler, though these are, of course, regularly discarded. A well-known sportsman, Mr. Williamson, has stated that he has often seen hinds chewing stags' antlers; while a late Duke of Atholl once found a dead hind that had been choked by a piece of an antler sticking in its throat. It is supposed that in these antlers the deer find matter for future antlers just as the domestic fowl will eat empty eggshells to obtain the lime for future eggs.

THE COURT-STICK.

FEW lovers would care to do their sweethearting through the medium of the old court-stick, concerning which AMAX writes, "In reading an account of the Pilgrim Fathers I find frequent mention of the court-stick. Can you tell me what this was?"——

Certainly, AMAX. In the days of the old Puritans a lover had to do all his wooing in the presence of the family of his bride-to-be. The young couple used to sit in as secluded a part of the room as possible. But as all their conversation could easily be overheard, they were allowed to have a hollow stick, about an inch in diameter, with a mouthpiece at each end into which they used to whisper the soft nothings in which all lovers, Puritan or otherwise, are wont to indulge.

TO CATCH MICE.

THIS question will be of considerable interest to those readers who are bothered with mice. "Can you tell me," asks ALVESTON, "of any means of getting rid of mice?" Of course, I know there are traps and cats, but as I keep canaries I cannot very well keep a cat also; and the mice simply will not walk into the trap."——

That is probably because you do not bait the trap properly, ALVESTON. There is really only one good way to bait a trap. Take some bacon rind and hold it with a pair of forceps or an old pair of scissors. Then apply a match to the rind, and when it softens make a small trail all round the trap. Then, still holding the rind by the tongs, place it in the trap and again apply the match.

The rind must on no account be touched with the hand or the mouse will not enter the trap. This method may be a little messy—but it catches the mouse.

ETIQUETTE.

I DO not often receive questions on etiquette, but here is one from IGNORANT, who asks, "What is the correct answer to make on being introduced to a person who says, 'I am very pleased to meet you'?"——

There is no correct answer, IGNORANT, and if there were I should be the last to advise you to use it. If you wish to be at your ease in society, do not worry your head about what is the *correct* thing to do or say. Say and do the natural thing, IGNORANT, and, as the Americans say, "it's a hundred pounds to a biscuit" that the natural thing is the correct thing. After all, it's sincerity that counts in human relationship—not stilted formulæ of things to do and things not to do.

If you still desire actual wording to guide you, why not such a reply as "Thank you" or "I also"? Or you might simply smile with as much pleasure as you can put into it by way of reply.

LOVERS' QUARRELS.

I AM always glad to help lovers out of their difficulties if I can. S. W. M. says that she is badly in need of advice. "I devoted myself to a young man for two years. I then had a quarrel and we parted. I met and walked out with another. We also quarrelled for the same reason. Now both have written, asking me to take them back. What ought I to do?"——

Really, S. W. M., you seem remarkably indifferent as to which young man is to enjoy the pleasure of your society. I cannot help thinking that as you seem to care so little for either you had far better let them both go. If, however, you really prefer one, write a sensible letter to the other and say that, although you think no more about the subject of the quarrel, you yet feel you are not suited to each other and so had better part.

THE PHOTO SWATCHER.

AN express letter has just arrived in time for me to insert before going to Press with this issue. "I write in haste," says CURATE'S WIFE, "to tell you of a rather peculiar experience. This morning, a well-dressed, attractive young woman called at my flat. She said she came from a photographer who was just setting up in the district, and she wanted me to give her a photo from which her firm would make a coloured enlargement. For this there would be absolutely no charge whatever, provided only I would give my word to tell all my friends where I got the picture. To this I agreed, and I gave her my photo. I felt very pleased with myself. But when my husband returned for lunch he said that the whole thing was a swindle. Is this so?"——

The moment this letter was received I dispatched full instructions to CURATE'S WIFE. My correspondent has fallen into the clutches of the photo "swatcher." It is a well-known swindle, and will be fully exposed in next week's *Pearson's Weekly*.

RULES FOR FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communications must appear on these cards.

2. You may take part in any number of these footline competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.

3. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. You will find this name in the announcement of the competition in the footline.

4. All attempts must arrive not later than Thursday, March 30th.

5. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced in the footlines, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.

6. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prizes will be given to the competitors whose postcards bear the earliest postal dates.

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THE OCEAN

Accident and Guarantee . . . . . Corporation, Limited.

(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)

Assets exceed £2,000,000.

The Corporation has paid over £6,000,000 in claims.

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Fidelity Guarantees. Fire and Burglary.
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HEAD OFFICE: MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RICHARD J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.

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Note.—A pen-knife for each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

esults of Footline Competitions.

"CROWN" CONTEST.

were invited to contribute sentences of nature on the word Coronation. Twenty-cases have been awarded to the following who sent the best attempts:

Acklande, 24 Royal Avenue, Scarborough; ams, 64 Chart Lane, Reigate; Mrs Barber, on, Woking; G. Bedgar, 95 Gt. Western Rd., E. Carran, 578 Chester Rd., Old Trafford; on, 81 Prince Edward St., Glasgow; H. rossley Terrace, Halifax; C. Goodwin, 11 Villas, E Finchley; C. H. Gough, 117 St., St. Helens; C. Herbert, The Brick House, Cullompton; C. Herbert, 22 Lansdown Rd., Hughes, 29 Clyde Rd., Redland, Bristol; Campbell St., Wishaw; P. Idle, Tate Rd., Jackson, Ness Causeway, Ulverston; J. H. Alfred St., Cardiff; W. Knight, Bricklin O. Lane, 14 Peckham Rd., Camberwell; n, 57 Gladstone Rd., Watford; W. Longley, St., S.E.; Miss Palmer, The Cottage, Salt hester; J. Richardson, 11 Haydock Rd., T. Troughton, 3 Gretton Rd., Winchcombe; uscott, Walkington, Beverley; W. Wells, ute Rd., Sparkbrook, Birmingham.

"FOSTER" CONTEST.

contest competitors were asked "Why is ation to witness the Cup-Tie Final like a brown paper?" The ten penknives for the es have been awarded to the following:

n, 64 Ashmore Rd., Paddington; W. Black-Sydney Rd., W. Ealing; C. R. Bradbury, eld Rd., Gospel Oak; W. Carrigan, 2 North burn, Glasgow; E. R. Dakin, 82 Islingwd., Brighton; A. Melville, 4 Ryehill Lane, Morris, 131 Dinsdale Rd., Newcastle-on-ster F. Murphy, 60 Oakley Square, Camden Wood, 11A Tullibody Rd., Alloa; W. Wood, Bradwell, Sheffield.

"RICH" CONTEST.

s were invited to say what they would do with £1,000, supposing such a sum were given to them. The five match-boxes for the most original s have been sent to the following:

Anderson, 31 Clarence Rd., Chorlton-cum-Hardy; Chanin, 103 Barrington St., Tiverton; R. Allan Rd., Urmston, Manchester; P. Leigh, Prior, Bromsgrove; A. E. Woodruff, The Avenue, Prior, Bromsgrove.

"KISS" CONTEST.

LADIES were invited to supply an answer to the question, "Why is a crochet-hook like a kiss?" The ten pairs of scissors for the best replies have been awarded to:

Mrs. Alsopp, 3 Morley Rd., E. Twickenham; Mrs. Dann, 82 Islingword Rd., Brighton; Miss K. Gibson, Gardner's Terrace, Hessle, Hull; Miss M. Hay, Kuddelthorpe, Lincs; Miss E. Holloway, Bourton, Dorset; Mrs. Jones, 4 Ashley Place, Chester; Miss M. C. Robertson, Craigrothie, Ceres; Mrs. R. Simpson, Shepherd's Loan, Dundee; Mrs. Slingsby, 47 Duxbury Rd., Leicester; Miss F. Smith, Gt. Central Hotel, Carlisle.

"PONY" CONTEST.

THE prize of half-a-guinea offered for the best fancy portrait of Mr. Pony Martin has been won by H. W. G. Cox, Oakdene, Feltham Road, Ashford, Middlesex.

"TWENTY" CONTEST.

READERS were asked to make sentences of which each word should have not fewer than two letters nor more than four letters. The five winning attempts were sent by the following, who each receive a matchbox:

G. G. Allison, 20 Lavender Grove, Dalston; A. M. Dearn, 4 King's Rd., Gt. Crosby, Liverpool; S. W. Holman, 20 Scotts Rd., Leyton; W. Reid, 51 High St., Cheadle; W. Thomson, 8 Kirkhill Rd., Penicuik.

"HIS'N" CONTEST.

READERS were invited to supply new, witty and original second lines to the well-known phrase, "He who takes what isn't his'n." Twenty-five penknives for the best attempts have been sent to the following:

F. Amor, 17 Roxburgh Ave., Hr. Tranmere, Birkenhead; H. Brown, 20 St. Bartholomew's Rd., East Ham; R. Burrows, 193 Bedford Rd., Rock Ferry, Birkenhead; L. Classey, 6 Clanricarde Gardens, W.; S. Collins, 23 Queen St., Ton Pentre; Rev. E. Foster, 41 Melrose Ave., Wimbledon Park; H. Gibbs, 19 Westfield Rd., Hornsey; J. Gooch, 6 Quarry Rd., Hastings; C. H. Gough, 117 Stanhope St., St. Helens, Lancs.; B. Hartwell, 19 Manthorpe Rd., Plumstead; E. Hodgson, Maltby House, Hartlepool; W. E. Jones, Mount Rd., Tettenhall Wood; W. Kendrick, 1 Chambers St., Everton, Liverpool; Miss W. Macqueen, 29 Tooley St., S.E.; J. Montgomery, 22 Roland Rd., Walthamstow; T. Morris, Coaltown of Wemyss, Fife; J. Mowat, 6 Stafford St., Aberdeen; A. G. Pittendrigh, 60 Denmark St., Heaton, Newcastle; A. Reeve, 203 Burrage Rd., Plumstead; W. Scott, 199 Gairdoch Terrace, Falkirk; G. S. Simpson, 19 Eastgate, Lincoln; A. Stanley, 30 Adelaide St., Hull; N. Thomas, 17 Pearl St., Saltburn-by-Sea; F. Ward, 3 Birkhall Rd., Catford; Mrs E. Yardley, 10 Grange Avenue, Rawtenstall.

"TRAIN" CONTEST.

IN this contest competitors were invited to tell the best way of passing the time on a long railway journey after one was tired of reading or talking. The winners of the five safety-razors for the best attempts were as follows:

H. W. Clark, 37 Bernard St., Southampton; W. Gordon, 50 Butler Rd., Harrow; W. Money, 27 Guernsey Rd., Norwich; J. Reid, 6 Arthur St., Dundee; A. Whiley, 23 Stroud St., Dover.

"THIRTEEN" CONTEST.

THE five matchboxes for the best sentences, all the letters of which are found among the first thirteen letters of the alphabet, have been awarded to the following:

F. Fuller, Burwash, Sussex; R. Gifford, 5A Dudley Avenue, Leith; G. Hall, Grange, Brighstone, I. of W.; H. Locke, 2 Barrack Hill, Fermoy; Miss A. I. Woods, Lisburn Union, Lisburn.

Result of "Harem Skirt" Limerick.

THE prize of £5 for the best last line in this contest has been awarded to J. BARKER, Ufton Rectory, Southam, Warwickshire, for the following:

There once was a blushing young bride
In a harem skirt went to be tied;
But the parson, they say,
Looked so blank with dismay,
That the fair "pantaloonatic" cried.

Ten consolation gifts of 10s. each have been sent to the following:

Miss A. Davis, 34 Lansdowne Rd., Bromley; C. Goatman, 36 Wellington St., Gloucester; W. D. Hart, 23 Warden St., Newcastle; S. Hayter, Bay, Gillingham, Dorset; F. Ives, 17 Devonshire Terrace, Skipton; Mrs. Lee, 169 Main St., Bridgeton, Glasgow; C. W. Longley, 35 East Street, Ilkeston; Mrs. L. Lowe, 107 Belle Vue Rd., Leeds; A. Spalding, R.A.M. College, Millbank; Mrs. Warder, 20 Springfield Rd., Chelmsford.

Football Headers.

"ENGLISH CUP" TICKETS.

THE Football Headers on "Brentford" selected as the best, together with the names and addresses of the winners, were as follows:

BRENTFORD: *Every Rival's "Botheration."*

Sent by H. LANE, 125 Berridge Road, Sheerness; who nominated D. LANE of same address.

BRENTFORD: *Experience Burnishes Results.*

Sent by J. EDWARDS, 59c Ruskin Street, Kirkdale, Liverpool; who nominated A. THOMPSON, 12 Sefton Road, Walton, Liverpool.

BRENTFORD: *Enthusiasts "Bury" Relatives.*

Sent by A. L. JENKINS, 84 Queen's Road, Clifton, Bristol; who nominated A. COOKSEY, 54 Grafton Street, St. Philip's Marsh, Bristol.

BRENTFORD: *"Runs" Excite "Banks."*

Sent by A. S. FOSTER, 26 Marey Road, Plumstead; who nominated A. V. COLLINGS, 4 Robert Street, Plumstead.

"SCOTTISH CUP" TICKETS.

The Football Headers on "Hamilton Academicals" selected as the best, together with the names and addresses of the winners, were as follows:

HAMILTON ACADEMICALS: *Heroes Amongst Many.*

Sent by J. S. TUTON, 35 Low Patrick Street, Hamilton; who nominated JEANIE TUTON of same address.

HAMILTON ACADEMICALS: *"Heady" Actions Materialise.*

Sent by JAS. DONALDSON, 61 Comely Bank Avenue, Edinburgh; who nominated DAN DONALDSON, 6 Comely Bank Terrace, Edinburgh.

HAMILTON ACADEMICALS: *"Hobblers" Absence Manifest.*

Sent by WILLIAM NORRIE, 18 Seedhill Road, Paisley; who nominated MRS. NORRIE.

HAMILTON ACADEMICALS: *Make Anticipators Halt.*

Sent by JOHN F. WHYTE, 8 Ardmore Street, Dennistoun, Glasgow; who nominated George Dunn, of same address.

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OMING HOLIDAYS, 1911.	
od Friday	April 14.
ster Monday	April 17.
nsun Monday	June 5.
k Holiday	August 7.
istmas Day	December 25.
ing Day	December 26.

MARCH.					APRIL.					MAY.					JUNE.				
●	5	12	19	26	●	2	9	16	23 30	●	7	14	21	28	●	4	11	18	25
M	6	13	20	27	M	3	10	17	24	M 1	8	15	22	29	M	5	12	19	26
T	7	14	21	28	T	4	11	18	25	T 2	9	16	23	30	T	6	13	20	27
W 1	8	15	22	29	W	5	12	19	26	W 3	10	17	24	31	W	7	14	21	28
T 2	9	16	23	30	T	6	13	20	27	T 4	11	18	25		T 1	8	15	22	29
F 3	10	17	24	31	F	7	14	21	28	F 5	12	19	26		F 2	9	16	23	30
S 4	11	18	25		S 1	8	15	22	29	S 6	13	20	27		S 3	10	17	24	

Lighting Up Time for this Week.	
Mar. 24	7.17
,, 25	7.18
,, 26	7.19
,, 27	7.21
,, 28	7.22
,, 29	7.24
,, 30	7.26

MANCHESTER UNITED

v.

OLDHAM ATHLETIC.

At OLD TRAFFORD,
.. MANCHESTER. ..

SATURDAY, MARCH 25th, 1911.

Kick-off at 3.30 p.m.

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We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

£1,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY
£100 CYCLING
£100 AEROPLANE

INSURANCE.
(For terms see below.)

504 CLAIMS ALREADY PAID,

including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

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£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of **any person** killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was **travelling as a passenger** (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person, not being a railway servant on duty, nor a suicide, nor engaged in an illegal act, having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by *an accident to any train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger*, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of anyone dying as the direct and sole result of injuries inflicted upon him (or her) within the United Kingdom by a falling aeroplane, PROVIDED that death occurs within twenty-four hours from the receipt of the injuries, that he (or she) shall prior to the accident have signed this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket in the space provided at the foot, that he (or she) shall not at the time be on the aeroplane nor engaged in aeronautics, and that notice of the accident be given to the Corporation within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the **"Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act,"** 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelvemonth's subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature .....

Available from 9 a.m. Wednesday, March 22nd, 1911, until midnight, Thursday, March 30th, 1911.

Grandpa's still on the Census form

and if you had as much census he has, you would all take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

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CHICKEN REARING.
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